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SALT LAKE
magazine

TROMA
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JAN. 2002

ISSUE #157

VOL 12



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I THINK WE CAN ALL AGREE ON TWO THINGS. ONE: SALT LAKE'S MUSIC SCENE KICKS SOME MAJOR ASS, AND TWO: IT'S BEEN IGNORED FOR FAR TOO LONG!

In order to give local bands maximum national and international exposure during the 2002 Winter Games, SLUG is doing a Comprehensive Utah Band List in its 13th Anniversary 2002 Issue.

This special edition will be released at our 13th Annual Reader's Appreciation Bash on February 3, 2002

at Club X-Scape (a private club for members).

We hope that this guide will help your band network with additional musicians and inspire you to notice what other locals are doing in our market.

IT'S EASY FOR YOUR BAND TO GET LISTED! IT'S FREE!

Simply fill out this form mail it back to us.

Our address is 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC, UT 84106.

Or...you can e-mail your info to bands@slugmag.com

THE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION IS JANUARY 20, 2002.

SLUG'S COMPREHENSIVE UTAH BAND LIST SIGN-IN FORM

BAND NAME: _____

BAND DESCRIPTION (15 words or less): _____

CDs RELEASED (TITLE(S), YEAR(S)): _____

PHONE #: (____) _____-____

CONTACT NAME (optional): _____

E-MAIL: _____

WEBSITE (if applicable): _____

SHOWS IN FEBRUARY (Date, place, bands playing with): _____

CIRCLE THE AREA YOUR BAND IS GENERALLY FROM:

SLC Provo Southern Utah Ogden Park City
Bountiful Northern Utah Eastern Utah

PLEASE CIRCLE THE CODE THAT MOST ACCURATELY
DESCRIBES THE STYLE OF YOUR BAND

(You can select up to two codes per band)

IND—Indie Rock

CLR—Classic Rock

HH—Hip Hop

R&B—R&B

EMO—Emo

IND—Industrial

GOTH—Goth

PPNK—Pop Punk

GR—Garage Rock

ROB—Rockabilly

NW—New Wave

MTL—Metal

HC—Hardcore

D&B—Drum &

Bass

HOUSE—House,

DJ

TECHNO—Techno

POP—Pop

ALTR—Alternative

Rock

AG—Avante Garde

CVR—Cover Band

JAZZ—Jazz

ALTC—Alternative

Country

ROCK—Rock

TH—Trip Hop

GLAMR—Glam

Rock

WORLD—World

Beat/Jam

DANCE—Dance

music

GRV—Groove

RAG—Raggae

FNK—Funk

CNTRY—Country

FOLK—Folk

ACST—Acoustic

HR—Hard Rock

JAM—Jam Band

GOSP—Gospel

LAT—Latin

BLUES—Blues

SW—Southwestern

JAP—Japanese

INTL—

International

DISCO—Disco

OTH—Other

(Please specify): _____

SLUG

magazine



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DEAR DICKHEADS



drawing by fbooth

Dear Dickheads,
Keep up the excellent work! I love all of your thought provoking articles. Especially the article in last month's issue with the founder of PETA, Ingrid Newkirk. She is so dead on with her views. Hunting needs to be stopped, it is a much too painless way for those cute little creatures only mother earth could provide to die. We need to keep developing our land, and with the help of over-breeding, force those cute docile animals into starvation! That is a much more humane way to die, long and painful. She is also so right about hunters, they are all just like Jeffrey Dahmer. I have yet to meet a hunter that doesn't like a good piece of human jerky! mmm mmm tasty! Animal testing really needs to be stopped! Cancer, AIDS, and other diseases plaguing our society are far less important than those cute, highly intelligent little micees! Human life? Who cares? Just don't hurt god's special creatures! I had been searching all my life to find an organization that I could fit in and relate with. Then I found PETA, I immediately knew that with my low IQ level, alternative attitude and desperate need to be a part of something, that I had found my niche. Keep up the good work SLUG, I can't wait for your next half intelligent interview.

Love, Dirtrockkiller

Remember the good ol' days when tennis racket strings were made of catgut and McDonalds had real meat? Well dirt, those days are long gone. We live in an age when it is no longer needed to use those worthless stupid little animals for food, clothing and sick medical experimentation. We now have access to thousands of Taliban prisoners who will make excel-

lent subjects in medical experimentation. We can use their beards to weave fine Afghan sweaters and other apparel. All other byproducts can be sold for a reasonable price to McDonalds and glue factories. *Shit, they live in the mountains, let a couple hundred of them loose in the Wasatch Range and you've got some damn good hunting.*

Dear Dickheads,
It's kind of funny that you'd mention in your gossip column that I was at Club Zipperz. Yep, I was, but so were a few of your more heavily tattooed staff members! I'm wondering if 'Jane' isn't the extremely tall tranny that I met in the restroom. My hell, her schlong was a good two inches longer than mine! (that would make it three and 1/2 inches)(p.s. it was hard not to look, I thought she was a girl who could pee standing up, I love that..) Anyway, thanks for the publicity, and remember, Jeremy Cardenas is straight, but not narrow!

-Jeremy Cardenas

p.s. If you'd like to know what I'm up to this month:

1. I'm going to try my hand at cooking up my own crystal meth. I've got the tubing and everything.
2. I'm going to try and install a 'shower cam' so I can sell my roommates image on the internet.
3. I am going to visit my mother to see if I can get a free meal.
4. I am going to try to show up at Shannon Bjarnson's house for wrestling nights if I can make it.

pps. Thanks Again!!

What is it with Crystal Meth and Pro Wrestling these days? Toughman and an eight ball of cocaine can not only provide days of nonstop action, but

bridge the gap between white trash and the wannabe rock star. There's no need for you to defend your sexuality, Jeremy. SLUG understands that it is natural to feel insecure about your carnal appetite of lust for the same sex. Don't worry, I heard there's a cure in Provo. It only takes a few thousand dollars in therapy, a couple shock treatments, and Presto! You're instantly transformed into a heterosexual!

Dear Dickheads,
You little chongo, hotpant, buttfork! When I log on to slugmag.com, I expect to find a current issue, with up to date concert info, and witty remarks about mullets, fatheads, and big corporations. It is now December 9th, and I am only seeing that incessant red Motörhead cover, and I want more. My daddy depends on me for news of forthcoming bluegrass concerts, and I depend on you for not only that, but punk as fuck info. So please update your website more often.

-Ellen

Sorry we have not been punctual each month with our website. We have this nasty little virus that Microsoft has dubbed the "irresponsibility virus" that has apparently laid siege to our operating system. We are not trying very hard to fix the problem so bear with us and we will back to normal soon. By the way, if you can pry yourself away from your deathbox, we print this thing called a magazine.

Dear Dickheads,
OK, I understand diversity in the underground music "scene" in Salt Lake and all, but what the fuck is up with the Country music aspect invading our otherwise

pretty cool music selection?? Burt's Tiki is without a doubt the best place for new local music in Zion, but if I have to sit through another (free, I know) Contry music show, I'm gonna move to West Jordan and buy me a pickup truck and start beating the shit out of my ol' lady! What ever happened to the popular opinion that Country music sucks?!?!? Maybe they are talented, that's not the point...underground music is all about fast questionably talented bands like Thunderfist and Compound Fraxure who continue to KICK ASS at every show!! No one else seems to pack 'em in like them, all hail punk rock!! I didn't move out of a redneck town to be subjected to more of this Country (who I hesitate Capitologizing) bullshit! I do appreciate diversity in music and I listen to all kinds of music, but I gotta draw the line SOMEWHERE! Bring on more Corliones and King Rat, not only are they a good time, but they bring in the dollars, and that's what it's all about, right??

-Tyler Durden

Here's an idea, don't go to Burt's on the nights there are bands playing you don't like. In case you are unaware, Burt's is a platform for various types of music. Isn't Tyler Durden the guy from the movie fight club? How original, next time you write us a letter use the alias of Divine from the movie Pink Flamingos, because you eat shit. Happy New Year dipshit!

Send us your letter!

SLUG MAG

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It has been brought to my attention that some of you are afraid to come into The Heavy Metal Shop, for fear of becoming Jack Ass Of The Month. First of all, I only make the really deserving Jack Ass Of The Month. If you come in and buy stuff your chances go way down. And second of all, if you feel like you can't control your Jack Assedness, maybe you deserve to be Jack Ass Of The Month.

Jack ass: I thought you would be in a bigger place (in a loud white trash voice, kinda like dumb redneck voice [like November's jack ass], but dumber, if you can imagine that).

Me: silence. (what can you say to that?) I thought of a few things that I could have said, like ... "Oh yeah, what the fuck have you done with your life? LOSER!!!" And "Size isn't everything ... FUCKER," but I just gnitted my teeth.

Jack ass: (in same annoying loud voice) "Got any Sanctuary?"

Me: No.

Jack ass: "How about Sugartooth?"

Me: I am beginning to see the pattern, this fucker is asking for anything that he can think of, that is out of print. So I say, "Both of those band's stuff is out of print."

Jack ass: "I know, they are bad ass."


Me: I get a phone call, and while I am on the phone, Jack ass is standing there, waiting to ask me ... you guessed it ... for something else that is out of print.

Jack ass: "Trouble?"

Me: You are just asking for shit that is out of print. We can't get that stuff. Ten years ago we could have.

Jack ass: "Shit."

He never did even look through the CD's that we do have in stock.

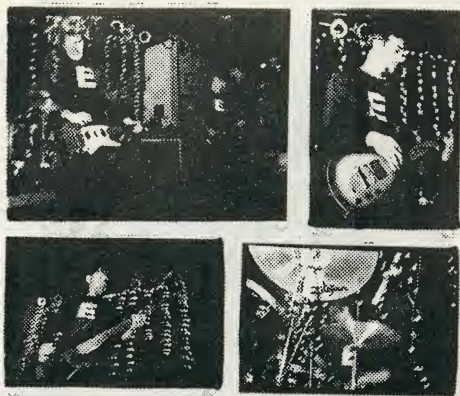
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EROSION

photography by
Alex Ferguson

It has arrived, boys and girls. The mind-bending SLUG presentation of the 2002 Pre-Winter Games (we can't say the "O" word in the media) Localized Confectionary Bonanza®, hosted by SLUG. I know, I know what you're thinking. How could SLUG do such a monumental event justice? Well, prepare to be blown away. Some people may say you can't mix artery-bursting rock, swamp and 80s Goth in the same saucepan, but we've never given a damn what people think. Kind of like mixing rum and egg nog, we feel that you'll find the resulting Localized concoction to be 100 percent intoxicating. Erosion, Red Bennies, and Violet Run

Erosion

Jon Bean, lead guitar and vox;
Brett Sunburg second guitar;
Mark Scheering, bass and back-up vox; **Dave Bogart**, drums.

Ironically indigenous to both the Florida Everglades and the dry Western air, Erosion flourishes in Salt Lake like a daisy in the crack of an asphalt highway. Together for three years, Erosion has worked hard at honing their musical style into a completely original mixture of sounds: raw, wild rock,

mad preacher sermons, spacy swamp and the still terror of a desert at night.

SLUG: So what are your touring plans looking like?

Brett: We're planning on doing like, a lot of little teeny little quick trips like up to Pocatello or wherever we can just go for a weekend, you know, Ft. Collins, Denver, whatever . . . in the spring or summertime.

SLUG: So how did you guys feel that you got Rock n' Roll Band of the Year from City Weekly?

Dave: It was pretty unexpected.

Brett: Yeah, I mean, none of us even voted or anything.

Mark: We didn't vote and we didn't ask other people to vote, so . . . it's a nice thing that people actually thought about us. And thought about Brett, Guitarist of the Year.

SLUG: Yeah, that's awesome! How do you feel about it, Brett?

Brett: It's bullshit (laughs).

Mark: I think the one we're really proud of, though is getting the CD of the year.

By Maximillion Thunderpaws

We put a lot of effort into that and Dave especially.

SLUG: How do you like doing the artwork, Jon? How do you feel about the union of art and rock?

Jon: I feel really good. Really fucking good about it. In all seriousness, though, I mean, I think to have a visual image that goes along with music is really important, it makes it more three-dimensional.

SLUG: What's the coolest way you guys have ever dressed up at a show?

Brett: I think the coolest was when Jon said that if people got up and danced, he would drop throw, and it happened that he wasn't wearing any underwear. And then there was the time that Jon and I played with Fumamos and we were all naked.

Jon: We got kicked off the stage. Liza and Jeremy and Mike and Jon and I—it was just for Mike. Sartain's Jam of a Lifetime [at Ya Buts].

SLUG: What's the most memorable show you guys ever had?

Dave: [One was] the Ninth and Ninth [Festival], playing our first show ever.

SLUG: What was so memorable about Ninth and Ninth?

SLUG magazine & the Urban Lounge present

EROSION



Red Bennies

Mark: Well, first of all, it was kind of funny, cause . . . it was raining that whole day, and it rained for the band before us, and right as they stopped, it became blue skies, the sun came out, we played and then when we were done, the sun went back into the clouds and it started raining again. They had to cancel . . . the rest of the entertainment, after the band after us.

SLUG: So What do you like about the name Erosion?

Jon: I think it's all right, you know, it has Eros, you know, it subtly refers to that, and Ion, it's almost like Eros in Zion, you know what I mean, like, lots of hot sex in Utah.

SLUG: That would make a good name for a band, Hot Sex in Utah.

Jon: Now if only I could get some.

SLUG: So are you guys working on your 3rd CD?

Dave: Actually, right now we're working on a 7" for a CD . . . We'll have another CD coming out probably in the spring or summertime, but we're going to do the 7" first.

Brett: We're more concerned with playing out of town right now than recording a new CD.

Mark: Yeah, that's kind of important. I mean, any experience we get touring will come across on the next CD and make it even better than we possibly could. That's one thing that I'm really proud of within the band is that everybody kind of strives to do something better than the last time.

SLUG: Do you guys feel you got a pretty good reception when you played outside of Utah?

Dave: Satiricon was fun. I mean, we've only had just a small experience, you know . . . It was our very first time playing out, and that was fun.

SLUG: Are there any last words you'd like to say?

Jon: Well I'd like to send a message out to people in general that first of all, they should definitely drink as much as possible, share as much as possible, and that they should take a power nap as much as possible, and eat lots of really good food.

SLUG: Okay, I'll put that in there.

Mark: The only thing I would say is that I would hope that everybody

who reads their local music mag goes down there and supports it ... This scene is diverse, it's interesting, it's talented, it has everything.

SLUG: So you guys like the SL music scene.

Dave: There's always been a really strong scene, but I think the talent has gotten stronger. People have played longer and new people are starting that have never done it before-

Mark: -that are really talented. I mean, there has been talent in the scene, but not as much. The last 2 or 3 years it's just been getting better and better and better. It's the 90s economy in a musical way.

RED BENNIES

Dave Payne(ful), guitar, lead vox;
Paul Butterfield, stand-up bass and back-up vox; **Terrence Warburton**, electric piano; **Mike Sartain**, drums.
The Red Bennies' bone-crushing scream, "Do what you feel!" could

start a revolution. Under construction for three months, and just after the release of their latest CD Announcing, they've newly emerged from the life-giving seaweed with token raging vocals that sound like they were ripped straight from the base of a spinal cord, waves of unrelenting, furious rhythm from a perfect wedding between the drums and stand-up bass and a subtle, urgent undercurrent from the "electric piano." (DON'T call 'em keyboards).

SLUG: So how do you feel about the Red Bennies' recent change in line-up?

Dave: Excellent. Fantastic. We were kind of in a rut. Red Bennies has been through a lot of line-up changes.

SLUG: What did you like about the previous Red Bennies?

Dave: We did a lot of work, Nate and Eli and me and Paul were together since ... was it a couple years ago? So we played for a long time. Maybe you could put in the article, thanks to those who played and thanks to these two for doing it [now]. That's a big part of it, because we kind of got really good, we kind of owe a lot of progress to what those guys [Eli and Nate] did.

SLUG: What direction do you think Red Bennies are going to go in now?

Mike: To the moon.

Dave: Simpler, more rockin', a little more minimal, less ugly and more beautiful. Like, nicer tones.

Paul: I liked the analogy before it was like banging a hammer against a wall as hard as you can and now it's more like punching your fist against a brick wall as hard as you can.

SLUG: So you're working hard right now, trying to get the band together, having tons of practices ... How are you holding up?

Paul: I think Red Bennies does require lots of energy, both emotionally and physically. More so than any other band I've been in.

SLUG: Why's that?

Dave: I think it's the nature of the music. Wild music, if you play it soft it sounds wimpy. And if you play it wimpy it sounds crappy. The songs don't just go by themselves, you need something else to carry the songs.

SLUG: So what would you say the mantra of the Red Bennies is? In five words or less.

Paul: Be cool, fool.

SLUG: Be cool, fool?

Paul: [Laughs]. Yeah. Be cool, fool.

SLUG: How did the Red Bennies start? What was your first show like?

Dave: It doesn't count because it was too long ago. We were really different. Like if someone listened to it now they wouldn't even think it was the same band. We started in '94 ... that was a long time ago.

SLUG: When do you feel the most satisfied with the music?

Paul: I think that when I sound the best is when the music's at a point where everyone's listening to each other and there's, like, a definite lock between drums and bass. You know, something that is completely subconscious.

Mike: You want to sleep with me, is that what you're saying?

Terrence: Is there room in that bed for me?

Dave: Can I come in?

SLUG: What are all the bands you guys have been in? Starting with Terrence.

Terrence: Cobra, bands that lasted 15 minutes and stuff.

Mike: Fumamos, Optimus Prime, Starmy. The first band I was in was called The Sartain Family Band. That was

very great.

Paul: I can tell you, Dave played in a band called San Francisco; It was like him in his Dad's studio playing bass, guitars, drums. They were really cool.

Dave: Deviance was my first serious group ... I was also in Eli's old group-it was called Mouthbreather-in '95. And Puri-Do.

Paul: There are some more recent things I've done that I'm kind of proud of; one is like, Puri-Do. And one is, I was in Tarn for a brief moment.

Dave: [Dave starts reading the interview questions straight from the list]: What are your guy's influences? She already asked me, I answered it last night.

Mike: Well, what are they? Peter, Paul and Mary from San Francisco?

Dave: One of them is a band called the Unrelated Segments. Have you heard of them? [Silence].

SLUG: So, uh, Mike and Terrence, when did you first start hearing about the Red Bennies?

Mike: When I first heard the Red Bennies, I was blown away, dude, I was like, "What the hell? Dave, what are

you doing, you crazy?!" It was like a couple years ago, right after the red album came out. I was all, "Rocket to what????! Yeah!!"

Dave: [Reading]: Is it true the Red Bennies once played in drag? All the time. Yeah, we did it all the time. Cause, it was kinda, we thought ... I thought it was kind of sexy. What did you think?

Paul: Playing music is kind of sexy or erotic to begin with, so ...

Dave: Yeah, it was fantastic. I had this tailored dress a friend made especially for me. So it wasn't like drag, we were just wearing sexy clothes.

Paul: We used to wear red eye make-up too.

Dave: It was because our music was kinda a little bit ... out there. Like, a little more artsy than it used to be now. And it kinda went with it. The music was kind of weird so we were kinda weird too.

Paul: We used to have instructions for going to a Red Bennies show that said something like, "Close your eyes and ...

Dave: Those were back in our artsy days.

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Erosion

TUES 15th

Debi Graham
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THURS 17th

Mishmash
Medicane Circus

SAT 19th

Cartoon Criminals

TUES 22ND

the Stove

THURS 24th

Sleepy Time
Gorilla Museum
Red Bennies

TUES 29th

White City
Black Ice

THURS 31st

Sexy Food

MARS



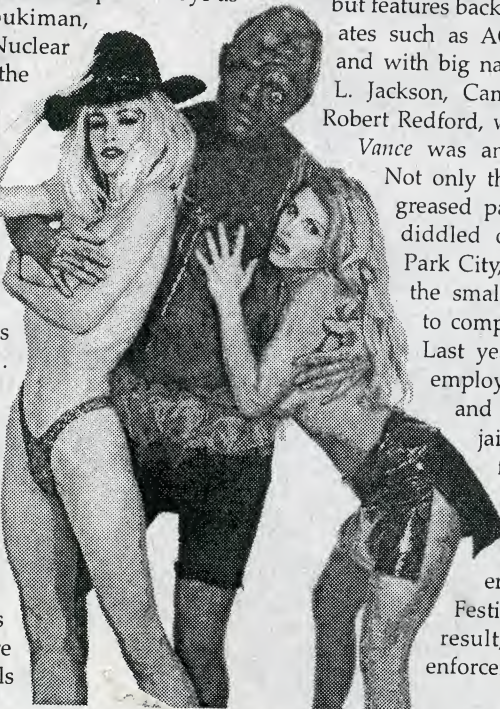
TromaDance

By: Randy Harward

Really, it's about sticking it to The Man; shoving a 32-ounce, premium saddle-back, cut-end mop head up the malodorous cavity of Mr. Establishment and making him call you "daddy."



Of course, that would be more of a long-term goal for TromaDance, the independent film festival founded in 2000 by Troma Studios president Lloyd Kaufman, creator of such B-flick poster boys as Sgt. Kabukiman, Tromie the Nuclear Rodent and the grand poobah of blood, guts and glory, The Toxic Avenger (Toxie, to his friends). Kaufman explained the genesis best, in the official press release for the inaugural festival: "The genesis of TromaDance was my travels



with Toxie to Park City for the last several years for that other festival. We have always gone there with great optimism that we might find kindred spirits alive with the thrill of creating independent film. What we have found, more often than not, is the same Hollywood ass-kissing sycophants wearing winter hats. The original impulse of that festival has been corrupted by corporate interests who

exist to despoil innocence, to lay waste to individuality, and to do other bad stuff. We are going to change all that."

Kaufman's declaration would be pompous if it weren't deadly accurate. Sundance, which considers itself the original independent film festival, has become so saturated with Hollywood sleaze, the term "independent" hardly applies. Sundance is comprised of films made not by independent filmmakers who financed their films on their own savings or credit cards, but features backed by megaconglomerates such as AOL/TimeWarner/HBO and with big names attached (Samuel L. Jackson, Cameron Diaz and even Robert Redford, whose *Legend of Bagger Vance* was an "official selection").

Not only that, but Sundance has greased palms and-figuratively-diddled ordinance-makers in Park City, making it tough for the smaller, spin-off festivals to compete, much less exist. Last year, two TromaDance employees, Doug Sakmann and James Lynch, were jailed for passing out flyers (a clear freedom of speech violation, but for Sundance's ownership of the Master Festival license and, as a result, Park City law enforcement's soul). Their

combined bail would have been \$25,000, but Sakmann, in a truly selfless gesture, spent three days in jail so Troma wouldn't have to cough up the cash. Lapdance's liquor license was pulled on a technicality, and they won't be back for 2002. Whether that's the reason or not, an email

sent to me by festival head Jason McHugh is weighty: "We're skipping Utah this year and doing Lapdance Los Angeles on January 26th...it will be the official after-party of Sundance... We should be back up there next year!"



At least with Troma, the sleaze is on the surface. Shit, it's the appeal. Rampant, gory violence, sex (mucho lesbianism!) and politically incorrect subject matter, while

base, are more genuine artistic expressions than big budget effects and manipulative, hackneyed themes. This is what Troma fans-Tromites-know and appreciate, and what TromaDance attendees can expect when the festival returns to Utah January 15-17.

Tuesday night will see the Opening Ceremony and Reception at Night Flight Comics in Cottonwood Mall (4835 South Highland Drive) from 9:00 p.m. until midnight. Lloyd Kaufman, Toxie and Kabukiman, Mad Cow Man and Dolphin Man will likely be in attendance.





On Wednesday, the Salt Lake City Official Screenings will be held at Brewvies (677 South 200 West). Again, Kaufman and the Troma heroes will be present.

Tromdance will culminate with day-long Tromanania on Thursday in Park City. The Official Screenings will be held at the Phat Tire Saloon (438 South Main), with a panel discussion (topic and panelists TBA, but following at 7:00 p.m. and an after party from 9:00 p.m. until whenever, featuring the finals of the first annual

Ultimate Tromette Competition.



It promises to be a truly decadent—excuse me, *Tromatic*—time and the best part is, admission to all events is free. "We're not charging, not issuing press passes...none of that stuff. Our intent is to make TromaDance totally accessible to everyone. The only thing that will limit attendance is the fire code."



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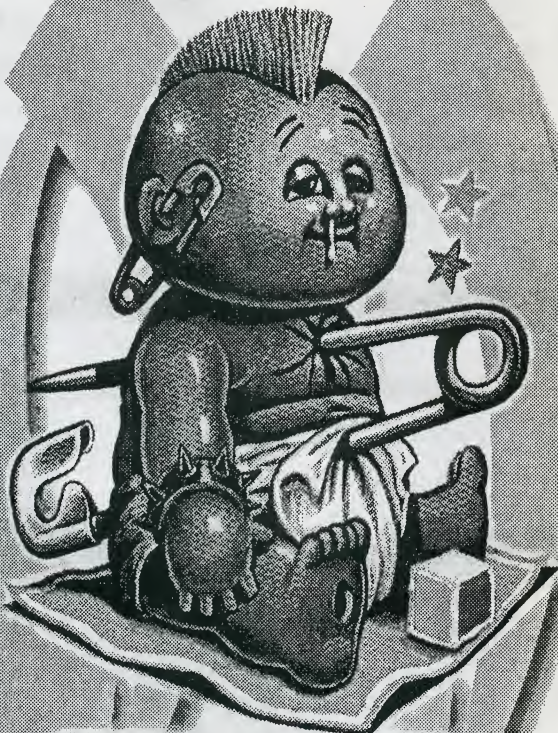


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BIANCA BUTTHOLE R.I.P.

Eulogy by Bryan Mehr

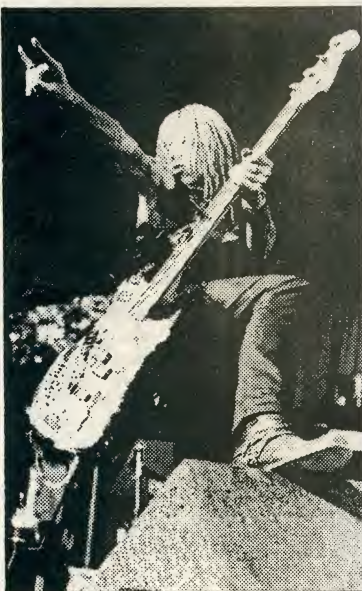
In the small hours of Saturday, December 15 on Interstate 10, outside of New Orleans, the world lost one of its wildest souls. Bianca Halstead, (aka Bianca Butthole) bass player and singer of the quasi-legendary Betty Blowtorch, who was killed upon impact when the car she was riding in was sideswiped after crossing into oncoming traffic. (Visit KNAC.COM)

Everyone who knew Bianca is saddened by this senseless tragedy and the ironic ending of what was proving to be a classic, hard luck rags-to-riches story. The tough little girl from the Bronx had raised herself up by her thigh-high bootstraps and poised her band on the brink of stardom in the West Coast hair-metal scene. They'd just released their first full-length CD on Food Chain Records, had played a knock-down-drag-out string of dates on the Warped Tour and were featured in Spin magazine. The reason that they were in Louisiana was because they were on tour with none other than Nashville Pussy! By refusing to rely solely upon looks and sexuality and insisting that chicks can rock just as hard, or even harder than boys, Betty Blowtorch defied the label of gimmick. They redefined the "man's world" of Metal, putting its dick firmly in the dirt, and earning the respect and admiration of old school cock-rockers and young, independent females alike.

I didn't know her well but I was honored with the pleasure of interviewing Bianca for SLUG earlier this summer. She was gracious enough to speak with me for about 45 minutes one sunny Saturday afternoon as her and a friend drove through downtown Hollywood



traffic. I must say that I was stereotypically excited by the prospect of interviewing a mean, sexy rock goddess and potentially becoming her groupie. I imagined her being this insatiable man-eater, your typical raunchy rockstar just raping and pillaging across the land. Instead, it proved to be a refreshing reminder that surfaces don't always reflect the contents and that superficiality is as superficiality does. Bianca was no floozy but she could cuss like a sailor and be as nasty as you could wish for in a hot chick rocker. But, she also had a street-smart sophistication, a brash elegance and a delightfully snide wit that never left me doubting that she wasn't to be taken lightly. She was fiercely autonomous, never letting me lose sight of the fact that she was all woman and could still whoop my ass if I didn't watch it! When I actually met Bianca at the Warped Tour I got to see a whole other side of her which one doesn't automatically associate with rockstars. She was very personable, remarkably grounded and genuine, having a firm grasp on the difference between image and self. She paid a visit to the SLUG booth and after purchasing one of our wife-beaters proceeded to cut the bottom half off with a buck knife! After fuckin' shit up with an explosive set as the sun blazed towards the horizon, she spent hours in their tent signing autographs and talking with hundreds of teenage girls who were inspired by Betty Blowtorch's show. I believe she was unwittingly influential to future generations of girl rockers and the world has lost a positive role model for young women today. Farewell sister, you will be missed. SLUG would like to extend our best wishes to Bianca's close friends and family. Bianca still had a day job at the Serious Clothing store on Melrose. They are accepting donations on behalf of the family to help offset funeral costs, seeing as how she didn't have life insurance. If you wish to help you can send donations to: The Bianca Halstead Fund c/o Serious Clothing 7569 Melrose Ave Los Angeles CA 90046



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Together but separate by Josh Scheuerman

On December 14, 2001 Alta and Snowbird held a party and invited over some friends. The owners of each resort and managers were invited, the mayor of Alta and Salt Lake were invited (the mayor couldn't make it but a staff member was there), the local papers and television media and also half of the public will now be able to ski both Snowbird and Alta in a day. Who wasn't invited? Snowboarders. The new daily ticket (\$68) will be available to skiers only. The joint venture opens up 4,700 acres and more chairs and runs than you could hit in a day. Being the only snowboard-

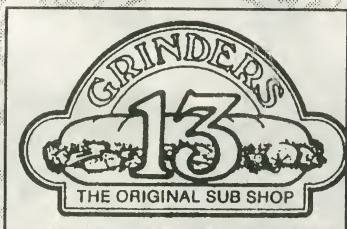
er at the ribbon cutting ceremony I asked Ono Wieringa if the resorts joining helped both sports, his reply was, "no". I also asked if I could follow the party down Alta's Albion Basin where the party was to follow, his answer was, "Sorry, we need to stick to the rules". As the skiers rode down to Alta, I rode Mineral Basin from the first tracks and spent the rest of the day enjoying the Wasatch's only tram and great conditions.

With the Little Cottonwood resorts joined, but segregated, Big Cottonwood resorts have also joined and were the first to do so. In the 1979/1980 ski season, the Solbright ticket was the first in U.S. history to join two resorts with a joint ticket. In 1982 the Solbright trail was

made for easy accessibility to both resorts. During the 1994/1995 season Solitude switched to electronic lift tickets and the pass was discontinued. Reopening the Solbright trail and ticket for the 2001/2002 season is a great opportunity for snowboarders and skiers to ride 14 lifts, 129 trails and 2,050 acres of terrain. The master plan for Solitude includes the Solbright chair, pending the U.S. Forest Service approval, that would connect the resorts from the top of Brighton's Evergreen chair and Solitude's summit chair. The pairing of ski resorts in Utah is the next evolutionary step for the skiing industry that will benefit locals and tourists alike. With two out of the remaining four resorts in the U.S. that does not allow snowboarders, Utah has some evolving to do. Alta's own say, "anything is possible."

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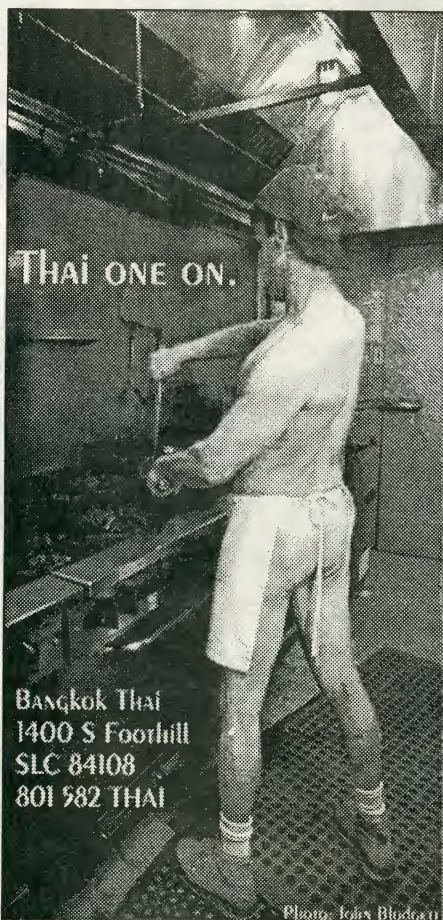


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(Left to right) Snowbird President Bob Bonar, Snowbird Owner Dick Bass, Alta Mayor Bill Levitt, Alta General Manager Ono Wieringa, Alta PR Director Connie Marshall



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Land of the Lost

by Brian Staker

The Lost Film Festival is back for its second year in Park City, although the organization has been in existence for over three years. The LFF has presented film screenings, panels and speakers at SXSW, CMJ, and numerous universities across the country. The fest is never without a political focus, from screening documentaries on the Seattle WTO protests to promoting more independent access to filmmaking itself. We asked LFF organizer Scott Beiben why his fest is worth searching out amongst the thick of film festivals.

"Ours is the only festival to highlight truly independent media—to expose truth—'indiewood' is too mired in corporate interests. We are interested in encouraging projects without the taint of commercialism. We are interested in people working together to create something true, with other people. It's all about passion. Especially now," Beiben adds, "because of the extreme censorship surrounding the 9-11 tragedy. The Bush administration almost mandated control of the media, control of satellite images. The Pentagon dictates what is going to be said about the war."

Scott Beiben of LFF



Photo by Shane Caulley

"Usually a lot of independent projects that don't have an economic fist behind them, no budget, they have no publicity, and get lost in the shuffle. Films like "Godass" (shown last year at LFF, and produced by Beiben) with a \$6000 budget, we decided were very well worth promoting. That feature has since been sold to the Sundance Channel and Showtime Cable."

Among the films Beiben is bringing this year are "Crowd Bites Wolf," which Beiben says is "an amazing documentary about the IMF World Bank meetings in Prague. "Donald and Dot Clock Found Dead in Their Home" is a dramatic feature, starring Don Edward Parker, directed by Michael Kowalski. It's an amazing low-budget film like Todd Solondz meets "Raising Arizona."

The film by Joanne Nusko, "Gigi From 9 to 5," is a musical situationist critique of work and

the workplace. "There are a lot of New York punk rock hipster kids in it," says Beiben, "it has a great aesthetic." "DIY or Die" by Michael Dean, is about the creative life, and how to survive as an indie artist. The film includes interviews with musicians Ian MacKaye, J. Mascis, Mike Watt, Tribe 8, and filmmakers Richard Kern and Lydia Lunch.

"Boom: The Sound of Eviction" by the Whispered Media group, examines the way in which the dot com market pushed poor people out of their neighborhoods in San Francisco. "It's a very scathing indictment," says Beiben. Experimental cinema has a voice with "The Drowned Suit" by Nate Archer. "It's a visually stunning," says Beiben. "It was shot for next to no budget on digital video. We focus on a lot of documentaries on people telling the stories themselves. They can tell their own stories more succinctly. Everything we show is very high quality."

After complaining last year about Sundance's restrictions on indie artists publicizing their work, Beiben says a lot has changed since then. "They've loosened a lot of restrictions on advertising and flyering because of our protesting," he explains. "It was bad for their

"We like to show films that make you turn off your TV."

advertising, since a lot of indie festivals threatened to leave. Alternative festivals are really the draw in Park City, the only thing keeping things interesting anymore. Sundance isn't even really a film festival anymore, because most films there already have distribution."

"We're not a festival about fluff—others are," Beiben maintains. "Others are interested in courting celebrities. We want to bring truth; we are about having soul. Our workshops are also very different. For example, we will have one about shooting digital video in the field during protests, and how to avoid getting hurt by rubber bullets. It's standard fare for police to use violent means to deal with peaceful protests," says Beiben. "Knowing people who have been injured in protests, and having it happen to myself, it's important to know ways to protect yourself."

"We are collectively run, operated by consensus decision-making. No one person has power over the others. We're more interested in exposing truth. We aren't interested in creat-

ing another branch of the corporate entertainment empire. We want to create a whole different paradigm, of films that are independently produced and distributed. We don't want the filmmaker to rely on sleazy business people, we want the artists to stay in control of their works. We tell people to go to film festivals, and travel and promote their films on their own. We want people to use their films to cre-



ate a connection.—Your film is a part of you, so don't put it in others' hands. But hear what others have to say. Our film fest is a very interactive experience, with a lot of audience participation. There's very little separation between the audience and the filmmakers."

"The decision was made by Esther Bell, the director of "Godass" to get in that venue. She travelled around with it, did indie distribution. Eventually she wanted to work on another project. I support the broadcast. The network hasn't altered the film at all, and has no control over its content." But LFF is far from going corporate: "We're really tied into the punk rock music scene." The band An Albatross is releasing their debut CD on his label, bloodlink.com, which includes multimedia files for computer. The band's bassist Jay Hudak is coming for panels January 13th and 19th at the I-Lounge in Park City. Other panelists will include Big Noise Films, Whispered Media and Flako from filmmaking group Guerilla Vision. Film screenings will be at the I Lounge on January 12, 13th and 19th. Salt Lake screenings will be at the University Union Ballroom January 17 at 7pm. The Fleshes, one of the newest signings on Alternative Tentacles, will play at the I Lounge January 12 at 4pm.

Beiben liked the setting of Kilby Court last year. "I was very happy with it; it was a cool place to see stuff." When you say "we are the media makers, the dreamers of the dream," what do you mean? "In a lot of ways, it's our twist on Willy Wonka. We're taking the technology that institutions are offering, like digital video, and using them the way they truly were meant to be. We are the real mass communication, and it's "critical" mass media. We're reclaiming our space, and moreover, reclaiming our lives.— We like to show films that make you turn off your TV."

We show films that make people go out and live their real lives."

For more info about their films and a party TBA check out lostfilmfest.com.





N o score and 20 years ago, a killer fuckin' band burst onto the burgeoning L.A. metal scene. Armed with sleek three-part harmonies, widdly-

widdly-wow guitar solos, a blow dryer and a vented hairbrush, Dokken would come to rule supremely as fuckin' Metal Gods.

But in 1987 tensions between guitarist George Lynch and the band's namesake, vocalist Don Dokken, reached a level higher than that reached in the pressure cooker at Taco Bell (you know, that's what they use to make those killer refried beans) and the band split like Meat Loaf's pants.

In 1992, the band reunited in an effort to ride out the plaid wave of grunge, but music buyers' tastes had already changed. In the eyes of many, Dokken sucked. In the eyes of the rest, Dokken still ruled. So, 20 years after they released their triumphant first album, *Breaking the Chains*, 15 years after the first breakup, 10 years after the reunion and 5 years after the second breakup, Dokken comes back with a vengeance, two original mem-

bers and a new album titled *Long Way Home*.

Don Dokken recently spoke with SLUG about the new album and how Dokken still rules on the other side of popularity's harsh-ass bell curve.

Don Dokken: Hi, this is Don Dokken...is Randy in?

SLUG: This is Randy.

DD: Hi, this is Don. I was supposed to call you at 1:30, I think?

SLUG: Yeah, this is for SLUG Magazine.

DD: SLUG?

SLUG: SLUG Magazine, yeah.

DD: I mean, what kind of magazine is it?

SLUG: It's a fanzine based here in Salt Lake City. It's been around for something like 13 years. It's cool, how Dokken rhymes with rockin'. It's like you were destined to rock. It's also cool that you didn't go and change it to Rokken, like some guys might have, back in the day. You just let it be implied. Cool.

DD: What? Change my name to Rokken Dokken? I don't understand.

SLUG: We'll just move on.

DD: I don't get it.

SLUG: Jeff Pilson [Longtime bassist] is not in the band anymore. What happened with that?

DD: I think, musically, he changed. He wanted to do a solo record, so he did. Honestly, I mean, he just got burned out on the style of music Dokken makes and has made for twenty years.

SLUG: You know what would be really cool? If you got Eddie Van Halen on lead guitar. And then maybe Alex Van Halen on drums and

maybe Michael Anthony on bass. Van Dokken. That'd be pretty cool, don't you think?

DD: Actually, I think that'd be great.

SLUG: And maybe you could get Dave or Sammy to sing.

DD: Mmm-hmm. Yeah...

SLUG: Then all you'd need is a triumphant video.

DD: These questions are way over my head.

SLUG: How has the bell curve of popularity changed you? Is it easier to be Don Dokken now?

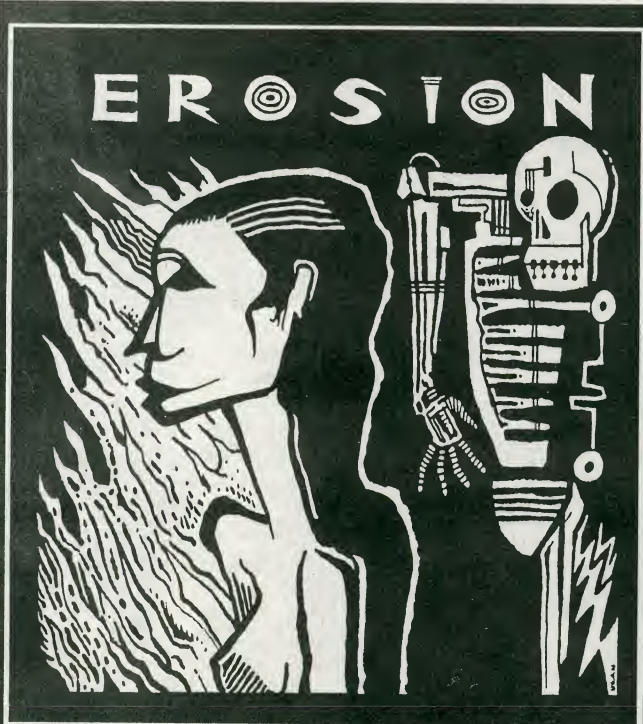
DD: We were luckier than most. We've done it twenty years and when we broke up the first time, we were doing stadiums. A lot of those bands kept going on and the kinda went down that bell curve from stadiums to arenas to clubs to nothin'. When we came back together, we ended up still doing arenas and playing with people like Alice Cooper in Europe and headlining big places. In America, we can't. We did an arena tour last year with Poison, Cinderella and all that, but it's easier now, because we're not trying to make it or prove it or get somewhere, because we've already been there. I did it. I've sold my ten million records. I'm happy. I'm grateful. I'm thankful that I got to experience that feeling of standing in a stadium in front of 100,000 people just totally rockin' out to us. We've been there. Now we do it because we're having fun. We don't need to do it for the money.

SLUG: Which of the following nicknames for 80s metal do you prefer hair metal, ass metal, mousse metal, butt rock or cock rock?

DD: Cock rock.

Dokken plays the Ritz w/ LA Guns on Sunday, January 27, 2002.

DOKKEN Rhymes with ROCKIN' by Randy Harward

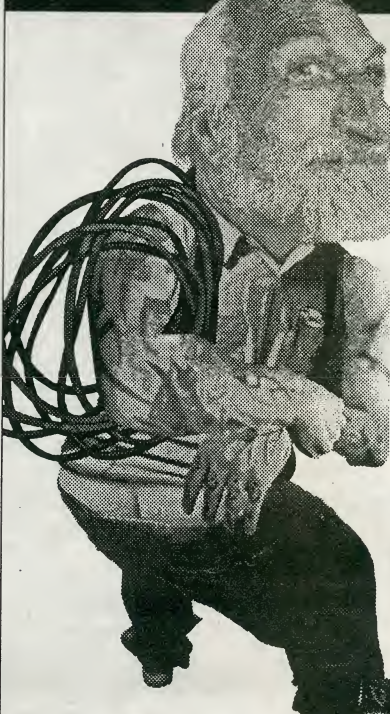


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Betsy never saw the truck that hit her.

One second, she was rounding the last sharp curve at the bottom of Emigration Canyon. The next, she was standing in front of the Pearly Gates, still wearing her bicycling helmet and camelback. To her right was a tall golden podium, topped by a thick gilt-edged book. Behind them stood a stern old man with a long white beard and a nimbus of light encircling his head.

"Name?" he barked.

"Uh...Betsy," Betsy replied, certain that she was having a very stupid dream.

"Last name first, please," the venerable coot snapped impatiently.

Betsy giggled - a very stupid dream indeed. She might as well have some fun with it. "Aren't you supposed to be omniscient?" she asked impertinently.

"No. I'm only Saint Peter. And you are literally playing with fire, young lady. Last name!"

"Guess!"

Saint Peter scowled and the clouds below Betsy's feet parted to reveal a bottomless pit of fire and darkness. The stench of hot brimstone assailed her nostrils and the cries of the damned promised an eternity of her deepest fears made real. Betsy stepped back quickly. "Thomas," she said more respectfully. The vivid vision of Hell had shaken her confidence that this was merely a dream.

"That's more like it," snorted Saint Peter, opening his book and running a finger down the names therein. "Betsy A. Thomas...Betsy B. Thomas..."

Betsy found herself suddenly very worried. If this wasn't a dream, then she was in deep shit. A pagan lesbian at the proverbial Pearly Gates, she didn't stand a snowball's chance in hell!

"Ah yes, here you are."

Betsy gulped, bracing herself for really bad news.

"Enter Paradise, child," Saint Peter smiled broadly at her as the Gates swung open.

Betsy entered Heaven hesitantly for another worry had occurred to her. Wasn't her family supposed to greet her at the gates? She hadn't been on speaking terms with them since she came out in college. Those sanctimonious homophobes were the last people she wanted to spend Eternity with. Betsy would much rather be met by Erin, her partner. That would be Paradise, she decided, but Erin was still alive and the thought of wishing her dead for her own selfish happiness made Betsy feel guilty.

"Don't worry, Betsy. Your folks are still alive," said a celestial voice.

Betsy nearly jumped out of her skin. A woman who looked exactly like Ivana Trump and who hadn't been there a nanosecond before, was standing in front of her. So far the afterlife had been a series of shocks.

"Who are you and how do you know my name?" Betsy asked.

The woman smiled and adjusted the ostentatious diamond bracelet on her wrist. "Here's a hint, honey. I'm omniscient."

"Huh? I don't get it," replied Betsy, trying hard to remember the rules of Heaven that she'd learned long ago in Sunday school.

"Sweetie, I'm God."

"But you're a woman," said Betsy in spite of herself.

God shook her head in affectionate exasperation. "Betsy, Betsy, Betsy, you of all people shouldn't be so rigid about gender roles." She took Betsy by the arm and led her toward the brightest light Betsy had ever seen. "Go toward the light. The party's at the end of the tunnel. Mix and mingle. Have fun. That's what you're here for," and God gave Betsy a gentle shove.

The light enveloped Betsy and moved her along the glowing tunnel like a luminescent airport walkway. It deposited her in the foyer of what seemed to be an opulent Hollywood mansion. An angel swept by with a tray of champagne and handed her a glass. Another angel relieved her of her helmet and camelback, saying that he'd leave them on the bed in the master bedroom. Albert Einstein, standing in the luxurious living room, a drink in both hands and a starlet at each elbow, caught sight of Betsy and shouted gleefully, "Hey, everybody! Betsy's here!"

A heavenly chorus of "Hi Betsy!", "How's it going, Betsy?", "What 'cha drinking, Betsy?", and an "It's about time!", rang out from the myriad other party goers. Stunned to be so popular, Betsy turned quizzically to the angel holding her camelback.

"In heaven, everybody's your best friend. They've all been looking forward to your untimely demise. Everybody can't wait to meet you."

"Everybody? Even people I don't know like Albert Einstein?" asked Betsy, incredulous.

The angel nodded, "Yes. You see, Heaven is the perfect party where you get to meet everyone, perfect strangers, relatives, friends, and acquaintances."

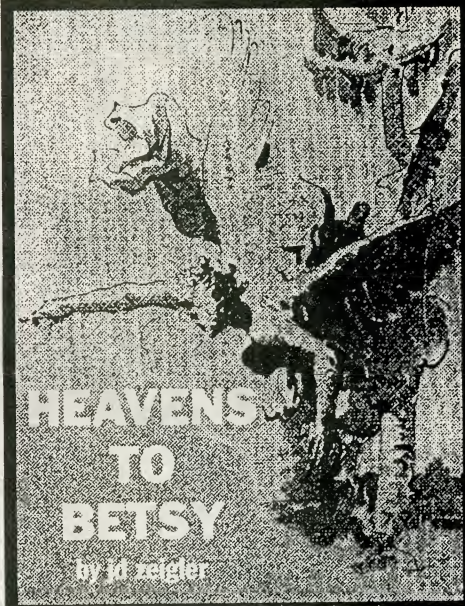
"No kidding." Silently, Betsy thanked God that her kin was still among the quick.

"No kidding," laughed the angel. "As a matter of fact, there's a special someone waiting for you at the pool side bar out back. She asked me to tell you that she's got a gin and tonic poured for you."

A gin and tonic, that was Betsy's favorite poison. Whenever she worked overtime, Erin made her one when she got home and massaged her feet while she drank it. Betsy's heart skipped a beat. Could it be possible that Erin had somehow preceded her into Heaven? She would have had to die even more suddenly than Betsy for that to happen. Betsy's heart skipped another beat. Please, she prayed - no tragic endings for her beloved Erin.

So with trepidation, she made her way toward the patio, pestered by the overly gregarious, lampshade sporting Einstein, who wanted very much to dance with her. Only a promise to be his Limbo partner later on freed her from his tipsy company. As Betsy headed for the bar, she scanned its length for a familiar face, hopefully not her bereaved lover's. Luckily, the revelers swilling drinks out of coconut shells adorned with paper parasols were all strangers. There was a knot of men and women at the end of the bar, but their attention was focused on a raconteur hidden in their midst.

"Let me tell you about the time I snuck back stage and met Aretha Franklin," said a voice professionally trained in diction and projection, which caused the entire pool, patio, and bar to hush and lean forward to listen



to the upcoming anecdote.

Betsy stopped in her tracks. This story always ended with how dumb Aretha was. The implication being that the diva was an idiot savant, whereas the story's teller was a truly brilliant woman. If Betsy had heard it once, she heard it a thousand times. Rheba! Betsy turned and fled the patio.

Rheba! She was the girlfriend from Hell and the worst relationship Betsy had ever been in, worse than those confusing six months she'd spent dating Al in her freshman year. Rheba! Charismatic, androgynously attractive, seductive, smart, an incredibly talented actress. Betsy had won a prestigious national award for the student film, starring Rheba, which she'd directed. Rheba was Betsy's first lesbian experience. It had almost sent her back into the arms of Al. Rheba! Betsy would bet a million bucks that she was still alcoholic, egotistical, lying, leeching, emotionally abusive, and violent - even here in Heaven.

One trip to the emergency room to set a broken wrist bone ended that awful amour. A year of therapy learning what she didn't want in a girlfriend lead Betsy into the arms of Erin, where she'd stayed, safe, happy, and loved, for the past ten years. Safely back in the mansion's living room, peeking through the drapes, Betsy counted her one blessing that Erin was still alive and cursed her rotten luck that Rheba wasn't. How did that crazy bitch get into Heaven anyway?

"She had a tough childhood and never got her big break in show biz, so God forgave her," replied a passing angel as she simultaneously read Betsy's mind and offered her a tray of puff pastries.

"Spare me the sob story. Rheba tells it only to manipulate people's sympathy," snapped Betsy, pettishly waving away the hors d'oeuvres.

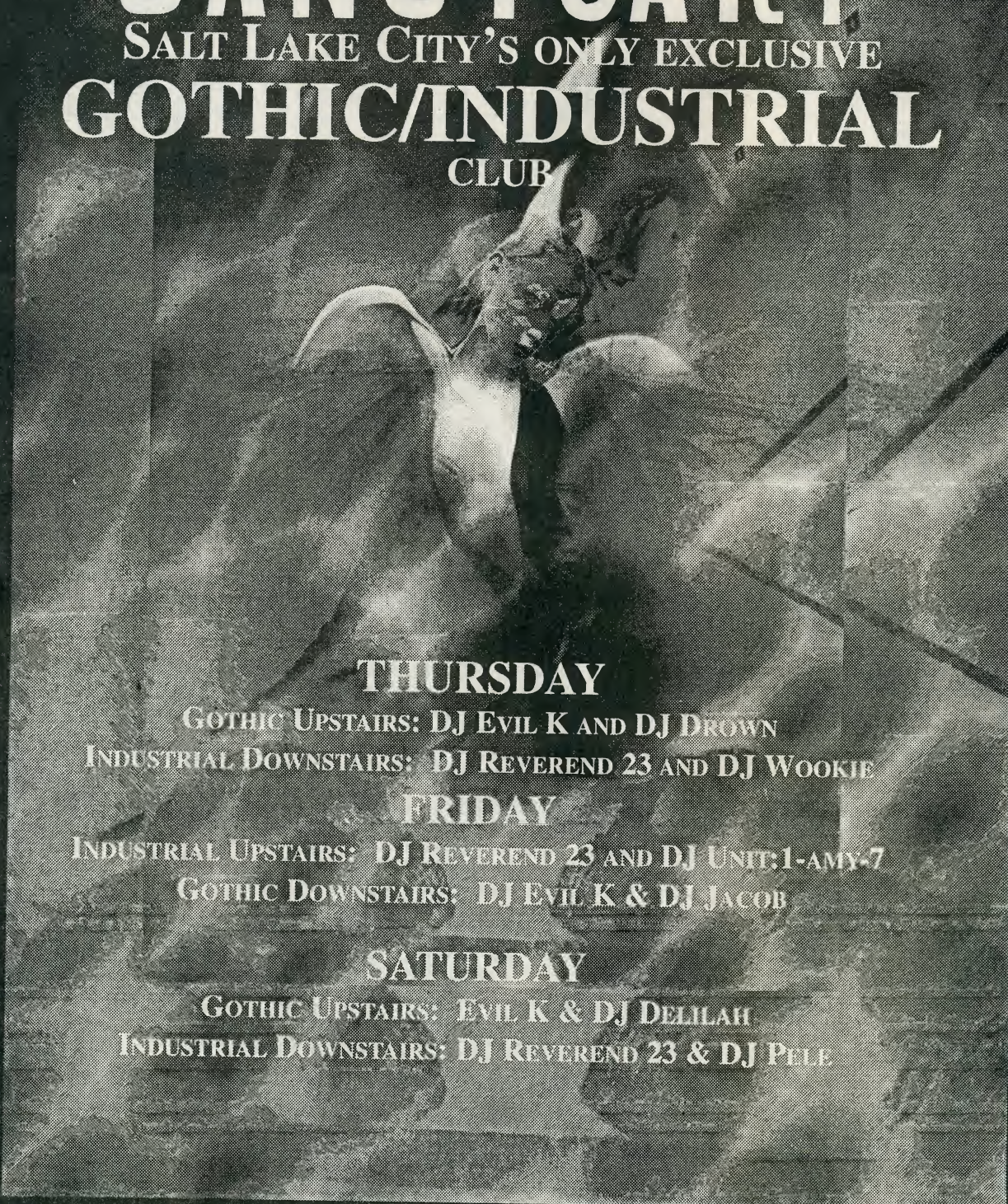
"Sure you don't want one?" prodded the angel, "They're heavenly...oops, speak of the devil, here she comes."

Betsy ducked behind a sofa in the nick of time as Rheba, followed by a fawning coed coterie, sailed in through the patio door like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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UP ON THEIR LUCK

By Gared Moses Photos by Josh Scheuerman

They rolled their tour van. While interviewing a band, it's best when the conversation is cool and relaxed. Ask them a couple questions, hopefully they respond. Some answers are interesting, while others need a little added flavor when applied to paper. But, when you're three-quarters the way through the engagement and someone adds a "by the way" the expectation is usually low. "Oh, we'll be playing another show next month," is pretty normal. Or, "Don't print the part where I talked about 'this or that'". But when they slip a comment as shocking as, "Oh yeah, we destroyed our van on tour," and the air remains cool, followed by an orchestra in front of the women's restroom to escape of sarcasm, I know I'm in the crowd at Machu Picchu) I stuck around to the right place.

Founded two years ago by Paul Burke (vocals, guitar) and Cathy Foy (drums), The Downers have a colorful future ahead. You can catch The Downers at Kilby Court (746 So. 330 W.) on Friday, January 25th. Take this opportunity to see limitless local talent and get a hold of one of their CDs. By the way, nobody was harmed when they hit a patch of black ice and rolled their van one and a half times. None of the equipment was damaged either. We encourage everyone reading this to take a moment of silence for the pack of Ramen noodles lost in the confusion of the accident.

the point of earning themselves one of the most notable reputations in the city. With Mike Snider on Bass, Dave Combs leading the guitars and the new addition, Doug Grose on keys, the band is complete.

Their newly released album, *Invading Your Space* (Alpha Male Records), turned out to be quite the experience. At the beginning, you glide through a two minute parade of instrumental ease, then moves on, setting the mood to a level of borderline captivation. After dancing with this atmosphere for a bit, the air is successfully shifted, crossing over to present the listener with a complete collection of well arranged and professionally produced rock songs. Once you've listened from beginning to end, it's clear why they chose the title. Their lives revolve around the music. Aside from running Kilby Court, Mike has managed to run a successful booking project and has contacts throughout the nation's independent circuit. They've all been members of other bands in the past and know what it takes to make a band work.



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Fu Manchu

STORY BY WALTER
LIVE PHOTO BY SETH BOWERS

Holy Cow! In 1998 Salt Lake City had the Holy Cow. Some of those reading might remember the Holy Cow. It was a bar often viewed as frequented mostly by boys wearing baseball caps. The Holy Cow featured live music, much of it local, but sometimes

rendered in their full live glory.

Fu Manchu released *Return to Earth*, a compilation of rare singles, in 1998. In 1999 a CD reissue of the *Godzilla* 10 inch record appeared with five new songs. That selection was titled *Eatin' Dust* and it is now out of print. Sadly, the mighty Man's Ruin Record label has folded. Copies are still floating around and the original record is available on eBay for a reasonable price. *King of the Road* was the last fuzz-filled Fu Manchu product and that disc was released in 2000.

Whaddya mean last fuzz-filled Fu Manchu product?

I'm getting there, but first the "stoner-rock" title must be dealt with.

What exactly is stoner-rock? What is a stoner?

Those are two very difficult subjects.

Every high school graduating class since about

1977 has a different definition. A stoner could be a mook with a red baseball cap. The bill faces backwards in 2002 though Anyone wearing a red baseball cap with the bill facing backwards in 2002 is an idiot. A stoner could be a Juggaloo in love with Insane Clown Posse. A stoner could sit around sniffing gasoline while listening to the Kottonmouth Kings. A stoner might hang out at Club Axis drinking E and Special K cocktails while hiding date rape drugs in his boots, or a stoner might be excited about Dokken's upcoming appearance, but the definition of a stoner is pretty basic. Stoners are the pot smoking outcasts high school produces. I can't picture many stoners these days listening to Orange Goblin, Bottom, Acid King, Kyuss, Queens of the Stone Age, Nebula or Fu Manchu — all categorized as "stoner-rock." Stoner-rock bands, almost without exception, hate the term. In my opinion "stoner-rock" doesn't have much to do with "stoners" anyway, at least not today. These days pot smok-

ing white males from the suburbs mix their Slipknot with their Jay-Z, their American Hi-Fi with their Alien Ant Farm, their Ludacris and Busta Rhymes with Linkin Park, Kid Rock and Nickelback. "Stoners" shop at Sam Goody and Media Play, not at shops with a good selection of Man's Ruin and Sub Pop titles. However, as you will read, Fu Manchu is not opposed to strip malls or mass merchants. Fu Manchu product is, in some cases, exclusive to mass merchants.

Fu Manchu formed in 1990 and their first full-length appeared on the Bong Load label in 1994. *No One Rides For Free* was followed by 95's *Daredevil* and then Fu Manchu hit the big time with a Mammoth Records contract and *In Search Of...* appeared in 1996. Skateboarding legend Tony Alva appeared on the cover of 97's *The Action Is Go*. The last Fu Manchu sighting in Utah was at a private party for the 2001 Sundance Film Festival premier of *Dogtown and Z-Boys*, a skateboard flick documenting the early experiences of "Z-Boy" Alva and his "Dogtown" mates. The film remains commercially unreleased, but it shows the "Z-Boys" reinventing skateboarding in a rundown Southern California community they dubbed "Dogtown." Thanks in part to their skateboarding roots, the Fu Manchu band members were invited to entertain even though the movie doesn't feature any Fu Manchu music. Fu Manchu's new disc, *California Crossing*, currently scheduled for release on January 29, has a tune titled "Downtown In Dogtown," a song totally related/unrelated to the film. The disc was originally scheduled for release in October, but terrorist activity interfered. Advance copies of the disc are available in just about every local used CD shop, but the advances are lacking — lacking cover art and a bonus video. Enough blah, blah, blahing. According to the Mammoth Records band biography, "Fu are charting new territory, boldly going where no band has gone before." Also according to the band biography, "The heavy guitars still erupt (though not always blanketed by the band's previously ubiquitous fuzz), and the rhythm section still jackhammers away, but their sonic blasts are often shot with refreshingly hooky melodies." "Ubiquitous — being everywhere at the same time." At least the disc isn't eponymously titled.

The fuzz might be missing, but Scott Hill's vocals maintain inescapably similar to those of Blue Cheer's Dickie Peterson. For that reason alone I have often placed Blue Cheer and Fu Manchu side by side in whatever musical reference library still remains in my memory. Hill was doing the record promotion thing and I was on his list. He called and we chatted over the phone. The first question was about the original release date. Fourth quarter releases often do better than first quarter releases since the Christmas shopping season falls during the fourth quarter. Even the President of the United States encouraged fourth quarter shopping this year, but Fu Manchu missed out. Hill

nation-ally touring bands appeared.

The surrounding neighborhood didn't much like these touring bands and they often called the police with noise complaints. That was the case one evening in early February when the Jesus Lizard came to visit. The cops shut the gig down early. Jesus Lizard's lead screamer, David Yow, behaved himself for a change, although he did somersault into the audience at one point and someone kicked him in the head. The very next night another touring band appeared and that band is the subject of this article. Fu Manchu headlined before an exceptionally small crowd. Locals Yer Highness opened and Karyn Crisis fronted an act named after her. Crisis was reminiscent of a female Keith Morris for two reasons — her waist-length dreadlocks and her stage behavior. Keith Morris? I'll get to him in a minute. Who remembers that Fu Manchu show? Not many because as I already wrote, very few attended. Fu Manchu has proved to be a working class band. They were touring *The Action Is Go* and the tunes from that disc, "Evil Eye," "The Action Is Go," "Grendel, Snowman," and



was slightly disappointed, but upbeat. Fu Manchu took advantage of the Sundance Film Festival last year and I was curious about any upcoming visits. Sundance this year is followed almost immediately by the "2002 Corporate Mormon Games." Bands can cash in, everyone else is. Hill wasn't interested. "I have a feeling it's going to be a nightmare. It's going to be very crowded and it's better to stay away." He did explain "Downtown In Dogtown." "We actually wrote that before we even knew they were doing a movie. We're big fans of that era of skateboarding. We came up with a title and wrote it around that. We wrote that about a half year before we knew they were doing the movie." What did he think of Sundance? "It was great. We had a good time. We went into town and it was so crowded we couldn't find a place to park. Vans flew us out and drove us around, but there was nowhere to park, we just hung out. They rented us a little condo and we just hung out there."

Hill didn't call me to waste his time talking about the Sundance Film Festival and an obscure skateboard documentary, as deserving of attention as that film might be. There's a new release planned. "Separate Kingdom" is the opening track and Speeddealer's bassist, Rodney Skelton, wrote most of the lyrics. Speeddealer is certainly a good band, but there's another guest on the album. "Bultaco is an old motocross motorcycle, all chrome. They were made for a limited time. It has nothing to do with the song, but I just love the word!" Remember the waist-length dreadlocks of Keith Morris? Morris contributes guest vocals to "Bultaco." Why? "After we finished writing the song we thought, 'man it would be cool...' we were talking about getting Keith Morris to sing on something and we finished that song and we were like, 'man, let's get him to sing on this one.' We got a hold of him and he was like, 'just let me know where and when.'" Keith Morris was the Black Flag vocalist before Henry Rollins. Morris moved on to the Circle Jerks and then he pissed-off the entire punk rock nation with his Midget Handjob concept. Most didn't get the lounge and Morris' spoken word descriptions of bill collectors, black Christmas and illness.

I had to ask this next one. I had to. Fu Manchu is noted for UFO songs. "Separate Kingdom" is a UFO song and if there is fuzz present on *California Crossing* then that fuzz is present throughout "Separate Kingdom." Has Hill ever seen a UFO? "No." Ever been abducted by aliens? "No." Despite that, if I were marketing Fu Manchu I'd pitch them to the producers of the "Roswell" television series. Not that I've ever seen the Roswell television series, but I'm not so...

How about this lack of fuzz anyway? *California Crossing* is, in my opinion, lighter fare than say, *Eatin' Dust*, a truly heavy album. *California Crossing* is speedy, light, filled with melody, as the press release states, and the disc is quite punk rock. Even the tunes lacking Speeddealer and Morris involvement sound

more punk rock than heavy metal. Hill didn't totally agree, but he did fill me in on the guitars. "It doesn't seem faster to me, I

mean, there's definitely a change in the guitar sound. Both me and Bob, our other guitar player, we're playing these clear Dan Armstrong guitars. They plug straight into our heads without fuzz pedals and we just use the distortion out of our heads. Black Flag used them, they're just the clear ones you see. They sound great and they're real easy to play. We changed up the sound a little bit. I actually had



someone come up on stage and rip off my fuzz pedal on one of our tours. It might not be quite as heavy as our past stuff, but I think our guitars sound really good." I'd have to agree with his assessment.

I'll wind this up with some information for Fu Manchu fans and some news for those with promotional copies of *California Crossing*. The European release of the CD has a bonus track, "Planet of the Ape Hangers." How might American consumers acquire the song, other than a digital download? Hill has the answer. "Actually I think Best Buy is doing something with the record where that song and another song are going to be on an extra CD. It will be like an extra, second CD." Oh? Here is a direct transcription. "Is that a Best Buy exclusive?" "I think so, yeah, yeah."

"Doesn't that kind of suck?" "Ah, I don't know. It's cool and it's not cool. I mean, you can buy the record there and get the extra song. I guess it's cool, yeah, They're going to do a lot of advertising for the record so that's good." I'd rather not enter a Best Buy store

myself, but to each his own and if Hill feels Best Buy will aid the Fu Manchu cause...hey, it's his band.

The commer-

cial release will also contain a CD-ROM accessible video for "Thinkin' Out Loud," promotional copies don't. This means that in order to acquire the full *California Crossing* experience consumers will need a computer and access to a Best Buy store. When all is said and done the disc is excellent. I think it's more speed-fueled and punk rock than previous Fu Manchu efforts. Those who enjoy the so-called "stoner-rock" Fu Manchu might be dis-

satisfied, but maybe the band will finally escape the sub-genre and attain mass market riches. To quote Scott Hill, "Ah, I don't know...that's good." Hopefully Fu Manchu will reenter Utah prior to mass market success. I certainly don't want to enter the Delta Center or the E Center to see them live. Watch MTV, MTV2, MTVX, VH1 and MuchMusic and cross your fingers. Hill told me the band is making a big budget video for "Squash That Fly," one of the fuzzier

and heavier tunes on the new disc. He wouldn't reveal the video's plot, but we can only hope Fu Manchu put the full creative power and love for trashy movies into the effort. Fu Manchu on music television would spell relief from the generic crap currently aired. The All

Music Guide categorizes them as, "Alternative Metal, Heavy Metal, Hard Rock." Isn't that stuff, like, popular now?

Thanks to Scott Hill for answering a whole heap of stupid questions I didn't dare print.



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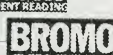
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Welcome to Salt Lake,
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lame ass



with your host
Kevlar7

Well kiddies, I hope everyone got what they wanted for Christmas from ol' Saint Nick. **The Playstation2** was delivered up to yours truly and the bottle of Jack Daniels went down real nicely. Thanks to all who sent me naked pictures of themselves, girlfriends, and sisters. Those who missed out can still participate this month by submitting those revealing shots or letters of affection and devotion to Kevlar7@hotmail.com. Don't be shy. Looks like there's not much going on this month in the way of shows, but there are some that I recommend enthusiastically, so peel yourselves away from the boob tube and check them out. Now students, follow along with the calendar and highlighter.

Chimaira Xscape-1/9



After recovering from all the New Year's parties and First Night celebrations, it's time to check out the heavy sludge sounds of **Chimaira**, **Kittie**, **Ill Nino**, and **No One** at **Xscape** on the 9th. Kittie is a band that most people will recognize and want to see, since most people like the idea of young angst ridden girl bands. But, I say to check out Chimaira, they are incredible, loud and talented. They write killer songs, which will blow the roof off of the joint, so be there early to check them out.

On with the show, it's SLUG's monthly

concert previews

music
extravaganza
Localized on the 11th with **The Red Bennies**, **Erosion**, and **Violet Run**. These three bands want to kill you with a little bit of the loud stuff on the **Urban Lounge's** mammoth Mars Music system. See the **Localized** column in this issue for the breakdown on the music these bands play, in case you're not in the know already.

Normally I wouldn't breathe a word in support of the overly commercial hype that has become the **Sundance Film Festival**, pretentious yuppies pretending to get culture by attending an artistic "independent" film festival, is not worth mentioning. But, this year the **Alternative Tentacles** band **The Fleshies** will be at the **I Lounge** in Park City on the 12th for the **Lost Film Festival**. A newly signed band, the **Fleshies** play rock n' roll with a punk backbone. Basically a party-hard band, which will make the trip up to Park City worth it. Yuppies beware.

Those who like snotty punk rock will want to check out **The Fairlanes** at **Kilby Court** on the 14th. They are on **Suburban Records** and they just released their latest **Welcome to Nowhere**, an album chock full of fist flying sing along drunken anthems.

For those people who like dub-reggae and funk jams, there is **Slightly Stoopid** and **B-Side Players** at **Xscape** on the 15th. Not my kind of music, but I remember **Slightly Stoopid** getting a pretty positive reaction last time they played here from some snowboarding wastoids at work, so check 'em out if you like that stuff.

And another ridiculous show that everybody will rush right out to see. For all the Junior High kids out there, **Sum 41** will be playing the **Utah State Fairpark** on the 16th. Actually, I will be attending this show to see the absolutely killer bands **Unwritten Law** and **Gob**. **Unwritten Law** writes some of the best dark

punk and have been around for a very long time, they put on a mind-blowing show every time. **Gob** has huge followings in Canada, where they are from. Their albums are masterpieces, and they play with 120% energy. Be there early and then leave when the crap kiddie punk begins.

The 17th features a new band that nobody has heard of, but I guarantee that those people who like killer indie rock will dig this band. **Ides of Space** reminds me of **Mogwai** with breathy vocals. Their latest CD is stunning and an definite eye opener. They will be playing at **Kilby Court** on the 17th with openers **The Gloria Record** and **Her Space Holiday**.

This will be one of the best shows of the month, so be there. Experience new music.

Or there is the return of **G. Love and Special Sauce** at **Liquid Joe's** on the 17th, which will be attended with great excitement

Ides of Space Kilby Court- 1/17



by yours truly. If all those stupid hippie funk bands would take notes from **G. Love** on how to play and perform real groove music, the world would be a better place. One could never get sick and tired of seeing **G. Love** do his magical thing.

Nova Paradiso will be having their CD release party at the **Dead Goat Saloon** on the 19th. Think swing-jazz with a quirky **Oingo Boingo** influence sang by three beautiful front women. These guys exemplify one of the best of local bands in the land of Zion, go see this truly talented and amazing band, then buy a disc. Tell them **Kevlar7** sent y'all.

For those who want something completely different, and want to show respect for the honorable martyr **Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.** There is the free event at **Kingsbury Hall** on the 21st. The celebration will feature pianist and composer **Danilo Perez**, who will be performing with the **Motherland Project**, an ensemble of talented jazz musicians.

Last time **Sleepytime Gorilla Museum** played in SLC, I heard about how good the show was from the **SLUG** boss for weeks. They're returning on the 24th at the **Urban Lounge**. Do not miss as the weird titled band goes through the deconstruction of traditional compositions writing by modern musicians. Apparently, they must be seen to be believed.

Or, if one craves local music, then there is **Magstatic** at **Burt's Tiki Lounge** also on 24th. These guys are another example of the finest

that the city of Salt has to offer. Plus, no cover charge ever, cheap alcohol, and the warm hospitality of bartender Shannon.

Prepare for the return of **Red Planet**, a band whose album and show at Ya' Butts made my top ten list for the best of 2001. Red Planet will be at *Kilby Court* on 25th. Think of a cross between Weezer, Cheap Trick, and Supersuckers and that pretty much covers the bombastic sound that these guys belt out. Do not miss this show at any costs, or y'all be sorry. Opening are **Sylvain Sylvain** and locals **The Downers**, who play down and dirty rock n' roll for the perverted at heart. Oh yeah, baby!!

Dude!! **Dokken** and **L.A. Guns** will be playing at *The Ritz* on the 27th. Still trying

to party likes its 1985, these former stadium hair bands are flogging the dead horse for those few devotees from West Valley and Clearfield who can't quite bring themselves to cut their mullet that they've had since they were four years old.

Another not to miss show for January, is the return of **Cave Catt Sammy** at the *Dead Goat Saloon* on the 30th. These young guys play a traditional rockabilly that will get you doin' the drunken swagger.

Or there is the return of **Hank Williams III** at *Liquid Joe's*, also on the 30th. Unfortunately, he is bringing along **Assjack**, the death metal duality of Hank III. Last time they played in SLC, opening for The Melvins, Hank III played three of his honky-tonk/rockabilly songs, then launched into what seemed like an eternity of his trash metal. If Hank III decides to play more of his country and way less of his death rock, then I recommend seeing him, but chances are that won't happen. So, take the Cave Catt Sammy show over Hank III, until the marquee omits Assjack from the bill.

Actually, the real show to be at is on Feb. 3rd, **The SLUG 13th Anniversary Party** at *Xscape*. The bands for that night will be **Form of Rocket**,

Endless Struggle, **Shimmy She Wobble**, and **The Kill**. Of course, it's free and there will be tons of free stuff being given away. And this year it will be all ages, so all you young kiddies can come, just make sure to meet mommy when she comes to pick you up. But, the real reason to attend is to



**Shimmy She Wobble
SLUG 13th Anniversary
Party-Xscape 2/3**

have various private parts signed by yours truly during my autograph session. Ha. But seriously folks, be there for a night of drunken mayhem in support of one of the most kick ass and best source for new music in SLC for thirteen long years. Don't be a chump.

Well, that's the low down on all the low down for the month of January. To all the devoted fans, have a good year and keep it real, fuckers. And to my number one fan at Burt's, Blowtorch girl; thanks for the night of killer conversation, in which I proved exactly how big of an asshole I really am. Don't forget those pictures you promised me. Hugs and kisses.

GALLERY STROLL

WITH MARIAH MANN

Some say there is a calm before the storm and if there is, the storm of art is coming in February. The whole world will get a chance to see what the local artist's of Utah have to offer. To avoid the rush, you the local citizen will get a chance to preview these great works on January 18th from 6-9pm. Gallery Stroll involves most local Galleries and is free to the public. The galleries stay open from 6-9pm, showcasing new shows every month. As always with our ear to the ground here are some of the shows that peeked our interest.

The Union Gallery, located the University of Utah Union Building on Level 2 behind the information desk will be hosting artist Aaron Olsen. His show titled "The Aggressive Male" features his work with figurative oil paintings and Intaglio printing. The show will run from January 7th through the 25th with the reception on Gallery Stroll night January 18th from 4pm to 8pm. For more information you can contact them at gallery@union.utah.edu

Finch Lane Gallery (aka the Art Barn) is located at 54 Finch Lane which is 1325 East and 100 South. The January show is called "Juxtapositions". This show will feature 40 different local artist. Some of the sub themes include, "The Arts in Relations to There Environment", and "Previous Relationships Emerge". This show will run from January 11th until March 15th in lieu of the Olympics and the Paralympics. The show is dedicated to Cary Steven Jones who ran the Salt Lake Children's Art Museum for several years and has been a pillar in the art community of Salt Lake City. You have from January to March so check out this show.

Phillips Gallery, located at 444 East 200 South has a great list of in house artists. Their January show is a group show featuring Doug Snow, John Erickson and Lee Deffebach to name a few.

LeftBank Gallery's (242 South 200 West) January's show is titled "Faces and Places." Artist Frank Fuller pulls a lot of his work from his past career as an Architect. While Artist Terry Thompson reflects on her African American Culture. Their work is done in oil, water color and pencil drawings.

Art Access, located at 339 West Pierpont Ave (which is 240 South) has two shows taking place. The shows will run from January to March for the Olympics and the Paralympics. One of the shows is titled "Women Beyond Borders." Which sound great but at press time there were no details of the works being shown. The second show is Brian Kershnik and Joe Adams. These two local boys from rural Utah have been working together for 8 years. Typically Adams set the "bones" of the works and Kershnik paints the oils. Their works are oil-stick drawings on Acrylic gessoed rag paper along with oil-transferred drawings.

Walk of Shame, located at 359 west Pierpont Ave has always been my favorite place to finish the Gallery Stroll evening. This month local artist Fletcher Booth will be exhibiting his most recent works titled, "Head re-beaten". Fletcher combines great drawings and paintings with collage, assemblage and, at times prose, poetry and graphic word play. Fletcher has produced intimate monotypes with subtle surfaces and aggressive drawings that both visually and verbally attack the audience. His large scale paintings demand attention. Make sure you see this exhibit because of the forcefulness and brutality of the art, Fletcher Booth might never get another show in Utah. His work is on display Friday only, January 18th from 6-9 pm.

As always this is not a complete list of art shows, art can be found anywhere! If you have information on any upcoming art shows please email me at mariahm@worldstrides.com

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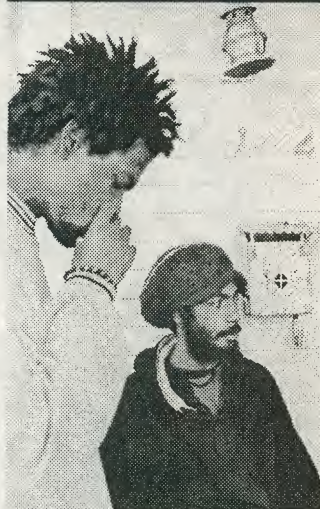
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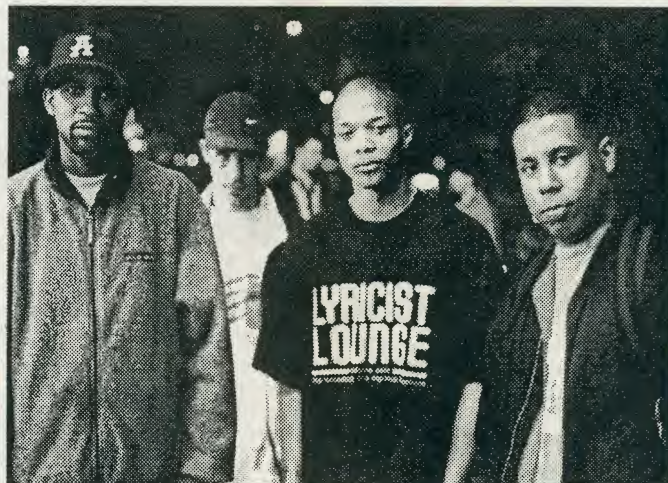
by Junkyard Joints



Fitzgerald hopes *The Art of Rhyme* will show the beautiful and uplifting sides of hip-hop and the way it empowers its participants. Freestyle is a rapping art form where the MCs make up their rhymes on the fly. This takes great mental dexterity and wit to do well and is at the heart of hip hop's genesis. As the filmmaker puts it, "The center of a cipher (rhyme circle) is a beautiful place to be. You are at the point of undiluted, unedited creativity, which at its source is really love." This is an art akin to martial arts and hopefully this film will bring this to life.

Freestyle *The Art of Rhyme*, is a documentary film by Kevin Fitzgerald. He hopes to tell the story of underground MCs, (quite prominent ones in fact) following their stories from the '80s to the present. Now that hip-hop has infiltrated the mass media and popular culture, there is a need to educate people of its true elements before some multi-national corp. makes one up and uses it to sell their product. People including Mos Def, Craig G, Cut Chemist, and MC Supernatural tell their stories of what it takes to be successful to the hip hop culture on the street and community level.

Don't miss this film's world premier screening and party at SLAM-DANCE in Park City January 16, 2002. SLUG Mag will be giving away 50 tickets to this event. All you have to do is go visit our friends down at Salt City CDs and ask for a one. There are only fifty tickets available so get a move on it.



Aceyalone, Words, & Pumpkinhead

HEAVENS TO BETSY BY J.D. ZEIGLER FROM PAGE 17

Tulula and Marlene rolled into one. Snatching a bottle of champagne from a low-flying cherub, and very conscious that she'd made an Entrance, Betsy's nemesis called out in her clarion voice, "I'm looking for Betsy Thomas. Anybody seen her?"

Shrugs and negative head shakes answered her. For a moment, Betsy thought she was secure. Then Einstein, that drunken rat fink, piped up, "I saw her come in a minute ago. She was talking to that angel over there." He pointed to the hors d'oeuvres angel.

Betsy bolted from her hiding place, sprinting across the living room and leaping through the heavenly mansion's front door. She landed on the moving walkway of light rolling other souls to the mansion. Betsy dodged around saved and blessed like a quarterback. Behind her, the pursuing click clack of Rheba's dude ranch cowboy boots resounded.

The bright conveyer inexorably carried Betsy backward to the waiting arms and ego of Rheba. However, in life Betsy had been a true extreme sport denizen of Utah, a cyclist, skier, and runner. Now she called upon her athletic prowess and put forth a miraculous burst of speed. The light at the end of the tunnel receded behind her. Rheba, who'd led a much less virtuous and much more indulgent life, paid for her three-pack habit with a fit of hacking emphysema. She gave up the chase and allowed the walkway take her back to her Heavenly admirers.

Betsy was still panting from her exertions

when she reached the Pearly Gates. Exhausted, she gave them a push. They didn't budge an inch. Anger restored her strength and she shook the golden bars until they clanged, but to no avail.

"Hey," she called to the back of Saint Peter, not ten feet away. "I want to leave."

He turned slowly round to her and frowned, "That's a highly irregular request. Coming back from the dead is reserved for only a few very special cases. I'm afraid you don't qualify for resurrection."

"Well, I'm not going back there. No way." Betsy gave the Gates a well-muscled kick that rattled their pearls.

"No need to get violent, young lady. Remember where that kind of behavior can land you."

"Don't threaten me with Hell. I used to date Rheba!" Betsy retaliated. "Anyway, you're not the boss of me. I appeal to a Higher Authority."

Suddenly, God, wearing a floor-length black mink coat, appeared. She opened the Pearly Gates for Betsy, who stepped through, mouth agape at the sight of so many dead critters on the back of the Deity. "Well, what does become a legend most?" joked God, coquettishly rubbing the luxurious collar against her rouged and powdered cheek.

"Fur equals murder," argued Betsy. "Not in Heaven, honey. You should lighten up."

"Well, I don't want to be in Heaven!" shouted Betsy.

"That's plain to see, darling," God laughed. "And quite frankly, I don't think you're cut out for the place either. On the other hand, you

lived a pretty good life and I don't hold that silly pagan stuff against you. I can't send you to Hell."

Pensively, God tapped her long red acrylic nails on the bars of the Gates. Then She snapped her fingers, causing a bolt of lightning to spring forth. "Got it!" She crowed. "It just so happens that at this very moment the woman you love is being comforted by Al, that guy you dated in college."

"So?"

"So, you know how things go sometimes. Sometimes one thing leads to another. Erin's in the process of getting pregnant."

"What?" cried Betsy, jealous.

God rolled her eyes. "Get some perspective. You're dead. They met at your funeral, OK? Get over it because I'm going to reincarnate you as their kid."

"You can't do that!"

"I can too. I'm God. And you either put up or shut up and go back to Heaven and you-know-who."

Betsy knew when she was licked. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. She loved Erin and Al wasn't so bad. It wasn't his fault he was a guy. At least they'd be more open minded than her last life's parents.

"All right, I'm game," she told God. "I just want to know if I'll be a lesbian again."

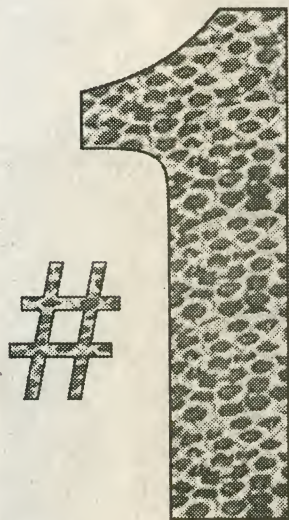
"Honey," answered the Almighty, patting her teased blonde hair as She sent the spirit of Betsy into the waiting womb of Erin,

"You aren't even going to be a female."



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DARK SYMPHONIES : The debut album from Hungary's **Without Face** is finally getting released here in the U.S.. Despite originally being released in June 2000, **DEEP INSIDE** has weathered the delayed overseas release very well. This band is made up of six members, including a single guitar player, male and female vocals and a keyboard player. The complex song structures are held tightly together by a very capable drumming performance. The bass, while included, could have more of a presence in the mix. The band managed the complexities of the dual vocals very nicely. Clean male and female vocals are intermingled among male death vocals. On rare occasions the vocal harmonies have somewhat of an odd sound, but over-all, come across very well. Musically, **Without Face** mix a progressive metal sound with a dark, goth and death undertone. **DEEP INSIDE** is really very good and I look forward to their second release (currently in the works).

WWIII : Oh man, I don't know about this... It says here that the band **Severance** has been around since 1989? Well, pass around the thimble full of whatever they've learned over the years. A crappy production is wrapped around some pretty painfully simple songs. Their latest release **WHAT LIES AHEAD** has the dubious honor of containing about the worst death vocals that I've ever heard. What lies ahead? I don't want to know. — I'm not really into the "Chris Barnes" (Six Feet Under) styled vocals of **Rotten Korps**, but their music has won me over. Their release **Tharnheim: Athi-Lan-Nhi, Ciclopean Crypts of Citadels** is a collection of songs ranging from mid-tempo, border-line sludge to all out speed. Five tracks from the **OUR ALMIGHTY LORDS** mini CD were added to this release.



LOCAL : **PRESENT DAY** is not a pseudonym for the joyous December holiday which has just past, it happens to be the debut demo of Salt Lake progressive metalers **Katagory V**. This is one of the best produced and recorded self released albums that I've heard. All of the instruments have ample separation, giving the recording a very clean sound. The vocals have the same pristine quality as the instruments, which aids in the delivery of the ambitious vocal harmonies. Musically, the ten tracks of **PRESENT DAY** reveal that **Katagory V**'s style runs the gamut of the progres-

sive metal sound. Most notably, I hear parts of **Fates Warning**, **Queensrÿche**, **Mystic Force** and even a slight hint of **Iron Maiden** within their songs. The vocals are good, but tend to draw out a bit at the end of some of the vocal lines. Over-all, for an initial release, this is better than most. It will be interesting to see what this band develops into as their sound and style progress. Contact **Katagory V** via e-mail at visualvoid23@aol.com or through their website at www.katagory5.com.

MAGNA CARTA : Fans of **Dream Theater** vocalist **James LaBrie** will rejoice with the release of the second installment from his band **Mullmuzzler**. The release titled **MULLMUZZLER 2** brings with it some new and some original members from the debut **KEEP IT TO YOURSELF**, including **LaBrie's** main collaborator **Matt Guillory**. The song writing as a whole is very mature with each performer adding his respective specialty to the recording. There are definitely differences between **Mullmuzzler** and **LaBrie's** main gig with **Dream Theater**. The main difference between the two bands being the development of the songs. While **Dream Theater** tunes often center around long musical passages, **LaBrie's** non-**Dream Theater** work emphasizes his vocal mastery. **James' performance** lives up to his growing super-star, prog-vocalist status. While I personally prefer the expanded musicianship of **Dream Theater** releases, I still very much enjoy what I've heard from **Mullmuzzler**.



SHIRAPNEL : I'm going out on a limb here to say that the latest **Vinnie Moore, D E F Y I N G GRAVITY** is his best yet! This guy is an absolute master of the guitar, and definitely one of my favorite players. While **Vinnie** has always had a knack for interesting song structure, his performance on **DEFYING GRAVITY** transcends anything he's done in the past. **Vinnie** covers everything from shred to rock, creating songs that are powerful enough to stand on their own, yet still make sense existing on the same album. I have followed everything **Vinnie Moore** has done as a solo performer and I personally own every one of his albums. This is a must for any fan of the guitar.

THE END RECORDS : I fell over when I found out the band **Scholomance** is from Missouri. This is not music that you expect to come out of middle America. **THE IMMORTALITY MURDER** is the

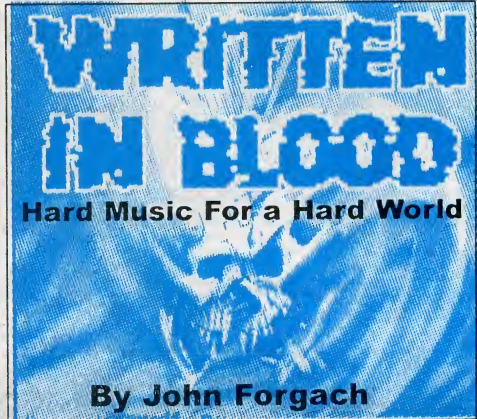
follow up to their debut **A TREATISE ON LOVE**. The three guys in this band are all over the place musically. They create a sound that amazes just from it's intensity alone. There are other technical death bands out there, but none of them do it quite like **Scholomance**. An additional CD was included, which contains instrumental versions of the songs on disc one. There are also seven classical piano tracks between the other instrumentals that I could have done without. The keyboard / piano parts within the regular and instrumental tracks are effective, but the "Beethoven complex" element in-between the songs was a bit much.

MERCENARY MUSIK

Germany's **Dawn Of Dreams** plays a speed-induced form of melodic metal. They slow it down to a mid tempo romp on track five of their debut **DARKLIGHT AWAKENING**, but otherwise their songs pretty much run through the same pattern. Sound-wise they're not bad, but an almost complete lack of solos and constant repetition of the same writing formula really weigh this release down.

— **Enter My Silence** blast forth with their debut **REMOTECONTROLLED SCYTHE**. A super tight delivery propels the melodic guitar harmonies of this release from beginning to end. This band has a large sound and many interesting twists within their songs. I liked this a lot.

— Sweden has done it again, unleashing another excellent metal band. **Diabolical's SYNERGY** is one of the best releases I've heard this past month. This band plays a frantic form of classic thrash metal infused with today's death metal approach. I really can't say enough good about this band. Every element of this release shines. The dual guitar work



is crafted into intelligent rhythms, accented by a multitude of cool fills. The one bad thing about this release is



that it only contains eight tracks.

COLUMBIA : Can you remember a time as a fan of heavy metal when the band **Judas Priest**

wasn't around? This band is a veritable heavy metal institution. **Columbia Records** is giving **Judas Priest** the credit that they deserve by re-releasing the twelve albums from the band that appeared on the **Columbia** label. The first four were re-released back in May (**British Steel**, **Point Of Entry**, **Screaming For Vengeance** and **Defenders Of The Faith**). The second set of four will take you back to **Judas Priest's** earliest years on **Columbia**. Each re-release contains a bonus studio track, a bonus live track, lyrics, photos and newly written liner notes. Get your hands on **SIN AFTER SIN** (bonus tracks "Race With The Devil" and "Jawbreaker"), **STAINED CLASS** (bonus tracks "Fire Burns Below" and "Better By You, Better Than Me"), **HELLBENT FOR LEATHER** (bonus tracks "Fight For Your Life" and "Riding On The Wind") and **UNLEASHED IN THE EAST** (bonus tracks "Rock Forever" and "Delivering The Goods").

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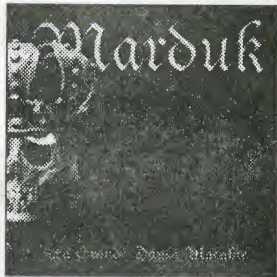
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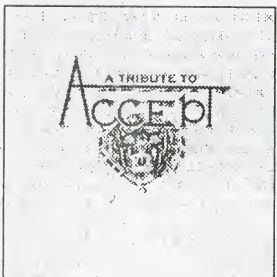


MARDUK - LA GRANDE DANSE MACABRE

Black metal pioneers Marduk heed the call to arms with their latest studio release, *La Grande Danse Macabre*, which is set to seize the throne of the genres' lecherous kingdom with instrumental wizardry and coarse vocal majesty. Marduk's box set *Blackcrowned* coming out in February! Marduk on tour now!

SOILENT GREEN - A DELETED SYMPHONY FOR THE BEATEN DOWN

Extreme metal, sludge, and metallic blues!
Soilent Green now on tour with GWAR!



VARIOUS ARTISTS - A TRIBUTE TO ACCEPT, VOLUME 2

One of the greatest German metal bands of all time, Accept, have influenced countless metal heads and bands all over the world with their infectious brand of heavy metal thunder. Nuclear Blast Records has compiled a second volume of outstanding covers for your headbanging pleasure. Raise the devil horns in praise for this stellar tribute to one of the truest heavy metal bands ever, Accept!

DIABOLIC - VENGEANCE ASCENDING

Just off tour with Macabre and Enslaved. Blistering extremr metal from Florida. A must have for heavy music fans.



BLIND GUARDIAN - AND THEN THERE WAS SILENCE

the first single off Blind Guardian's new album, *A Night At the Opera*, scheduled to hit the streets in March, has arrived! In true Guardian fashion, the song clocks in at over fourteen minutes long, and features 128 audio tracks along with layers of epic harmonies and bombastic rhythms! As an added bonus the single includes "Harvest Of Sorrow", as well as an exclusive multimedia track! Guardian's new album out in March!



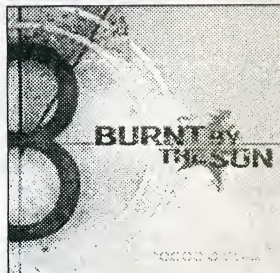
PUNGENT STENCH—MASTERS OF MORAL • SERVANTS OF SIN

Cult metal overlords Pungent Stench return to infect the masses with their first full-length album of unsavory new material in 8 years! A healthy dose of sinister songs with witty, sarcastic lyrics and more disturbing images to conjure up visions of sinful behavior, Masters Of Moral - Servants Of Sin proves Pungent Stench still have the chops to deliver brutal tunes that are sicker than ever.

AGATHODAIMON—CHAPTER III



Chapter III showcases Agathodaimon's unique talent for blending and melding genres into a cohesive, unique sound all their own and is easily their finest and most mature album to date. Agathodaimon successfully blend elements of black metal, doom, goth and folk overtones which culminate into an astonishing and well conceived album. Behold the next chapter in the musical evolution of Agathodaimon with their brilliant new release, Chapter III.

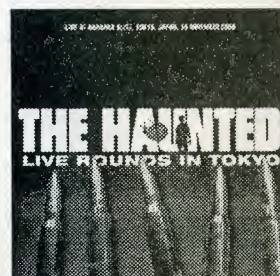
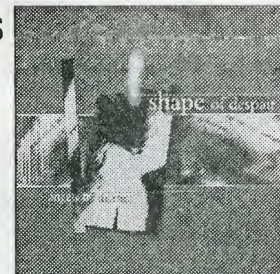


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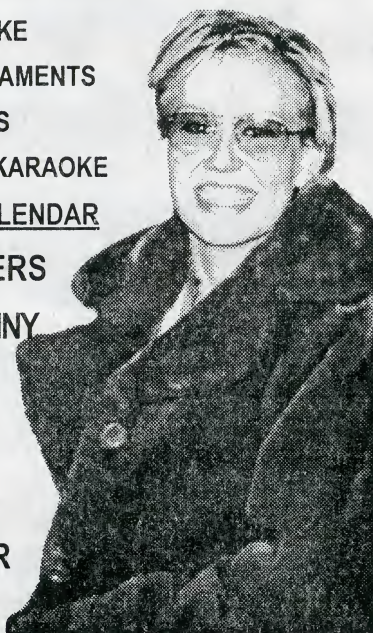
W/LIZA

15TH SIX SHOT

W/GABRIAL

19TH BLUE HOUR

26TH CORLEONES



Hello and Happy New Year to all my little darlings! Once again it is I, the Goddess of Gossip, bringing you the hottest dish in your favorite new column. Silly me, I was so busy searching for the ultimate pearl that I forgot to include my e-mail address in the last issue. My wonderful little subjects can reach me at janedope36@hotmail.com any time of the day or night. I'm always wet -n- ready for your call. Your feedback and tidbits are encouraged, and even welcome. So, if there's something you want everyone to know, or if you have something you just *have* to tell somebody, please don't delay shooting one off in my direction! Having said that, shall we get started?

NOTHING'S OFF THE RECORD

LOCAL GOSSIP

by Jane Dope

That's Not What

I Heard: Topping our broadcast for the second month in a row, The furry and fabulous Jeremy of Thunderfist wants anyone who cares to know that he's "straight but not narrow". Sorry Jeremy, I wasn't trying to out you or anything. But I do have to wonder what you're getting so defensive about. I'd like to mention also that Jeremy is a fine, regular contributor to SLUG Magazine and we love him dearly.

Missed It By That Much: The Red Bennies, one of Mike Sartain's bands, have a new CD titled *Announcing* out on Vaccination. Clam steamers, Optimus Prime, another Mike Sartain band, also have a new CD titled

1997 XF11 out now on Rest 30 Records. Is this their label or what? Does anyone know? Both discs have received favorable reviews in that other lifestyle rag. I recommend giving OP a go, they play a swanky brand of fuzz weirdness that gets my juice flowing! I can take or leave the Bennies lately. Gerald Music held a release party at Liquid Joe's on December 20th for their new CD. Did anyone see that show? Let me know what I missed. Wendy, the former vocalist for post-industrial-gothic-deconstructors, *Uber Faction*, debuted with her new baby, *COSM*, at the Zephyr on December 16th. She lends herself so well to this type of

project and her sultry voice and organic sexiness had me dreaming of muffins! If you weren't there, you're a dork.

The Smeller's the Feller: The new mayor of Park City is said to be moonlighting as the guitarist for granola-grunge-yuppies, the Motherlode Canyon Band. Do you see what Bill "I like mine dipped" Clinton started? I'm sorry but politicians just aren't meant to be cool. Can you see Deedee Corradini slapping the bass for Fistfull? Ew, I'm going to go throw up now. Speaking of Fistfull, what's up with playing a Last Show and then showing back up on the scene with a new guitarist and playing more shows? I got /to catch the new boy's act and I must say he definitely has the moves down. I heard he has a

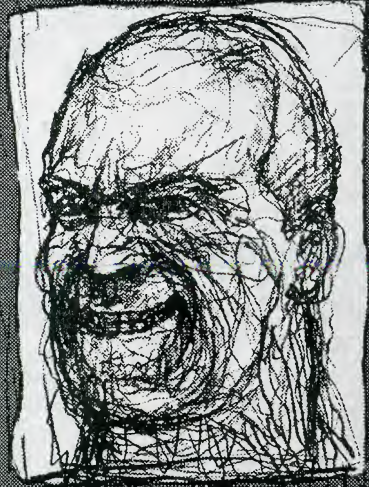
good day job too.

Stupid Is As Stupid Is: Undercover pseudo-psychos, The Decomposers (With the emphasis on posers!) came back from beyond to give us all a very merry, and formerly much hairier, present for Jesus' birthday. Seeing as how the night's lineup included none other than Hot Rocks, The Washington Generals and the Sore Losers (which both consist of former members of the Decomposers) they figured it'd be a good idea to try and play a set after everyone had been drinking all night. Needless to say, a drunken time was had by all the weirdos. I saw your mommy kissing Santa Claus. Where were you?

Well children, that does it for the latest trash injection. I hope these sores go away soon. Don't forget to go to the SLUG Anniversary Party on February 3rd at X-Scape. There will be fun, prizes, The SLUG QUEEN, and the following kick ass bands *Endless Struggle*, *A Form Of Rocket*, *Shimmy She Wobble*, and *the Kill*. If you're feeling left out or you don't like the contents of this column, be sure to let me know. How do I know you exist if you aint somebody? Good luck accomplishing your resolutions, losers. Remember that it's hard for me to say I love you when you're sitting on my face and I don't.

Love,
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Hopeless 50th Release

Hopeless Records

Them loons at Hopeless are raisin' the bar and the roof with their fiftieth (count 'em 50!) release, a compilation of 39 favorites culled from their previous 49 offerings picked by over 6,000 fans (At www.hopeless-records.com) whose names are printed on a poster that comes with the CD! Your name could be on that list. Fifty releases aint no joke in today's corporation dominated music biz and if these guys don't watch it they'll end up bigger than Epitaph. This double disc is a stunning showcase spannin' the vast gamut of their stellar roster. An unruly and truly shady tribe which includes, among others, hardcore ska anarchists (Against All Authority), cowpoke power-punk drunks (Nobodys) and aggro white-trash iconoclasts (The Queers). Standout joints include ragers everyone can relate to, like "Dumbfuck" and "Vaseline and a Magazine" by the Nobodys, "I Want My Hat Back" by Digger and "24-Hour Roadside Resistance" by AAA. Hell, nephew, they're all pretty much standouts as testified on-line by thousands. In fact, the only thing that really sucked was the Schlöng. Imagine that.

—Shame Shady

Alkaline Trio / Hot Water Music Split CD EP

Jade Tree Records

Working from a pretty damn novel idea, Jade Tree has paired two bands that were somewhat similar and had them submit new material as well as cover songs of the other band's material. Alkaline Trio's two new unreleased songs are examples of the best song writing on their part. Plus, the cover of Hot Water's "Rooftops" is so damn good that it will put a smile on the face of those who are an avid fan of Hot Water's music. The four songs by Hot Water are of a different approach and style than the group's previous work. Atmospheric and ambient, Hot Water pulls out the soft singing and mellow compositions that are both stunning and amazing to hear. This EP is definitely for the hardcore fan of either group.

—Kevlar7

Rye Coalition

On Top

TigerStyle

Since this New Jersey "hard luck five's" first release seven years ago, a lot has changed in music: for one thing, big dumb metal is cool again. But titles like "One



Daughter Hotter Than One Thousand Suns" and "Stairway to the Free Bird on the Way to the Smokey Water" evoke both titans of tungsten and a tongue entrenched so far in cheek it's difficult to dislodge. They've got enough cred to have opened for legendary English group The Fall. My dream show however is RC and kindred spirits from across the river, Brooklyn's Oneida. And one more thing, this album is produced by Steve Albini.

—Stakerized!

Choking Victim

Crack Rock Steady EPI Squatta's Paradise

Tent City Records

I think this CD is two records in one. If you like Rancid or Operation Ivy it will be easy to get hooked on this. They have that ska-ish/reggae-ish sound but without all the brass. It was also brought to my attention that the singer of this band is also the frontman of Leftover Crack, which will give you even more insight into the sound of Choking Victim. What I don't like about these guys is the whole "pro-squatter" attitude. I think that instead of complaining about being a squatter and how hard life is; maybe you should get a job.

—Matt Bruce

Binaría 13

Noise Kontrol

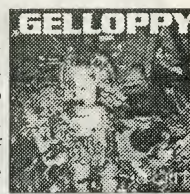
Industrial drum and bass mayhem from Mexico. Swallowing pins and needles with their tequila, the trio wreak havoc on your senses with a rough mix of harsh electro drum and bass peppered with a some aggressive vocals, chants, and a few voice samples. This is not the more accessible Tijuana electronic Nortec sound introduced to the world earlier through bands like Panoptika. This is the sometimes brutal barrio of Mexico City. Like waking up in the wrong neighborhood after an all night-into the morning mescal binge, regaled in nothing but fetish wear. There are some interesting things brewing down south. Available through Soleilmoon at a very reasonable price.

—David Parish

Local CD Reviews BY NICHOLAS FOX

Gellopy, 30 Grit

Sometimes I get tired of seeing locals swathe their CDs in black-&-white ditto-copied packaging, especially with twisted doll images on the front. I mean, Hole is soooo out. But when you open the lid to this Pandora's box (i.e. put Gellopy's CD in your player), a whole stream of wickedness flows out that completely cancels out the bad cover art. Ominous chords churn in this punk/heavy metal/and—yes, even stoner rock—hybrid that leave you feeling eeeevil—and good about it. Complex riffs like the one on "Brainthinner" stand out especially—it's almost like the background music to a Gothic version of Tron. You can hear the Bottom-like stoner rock influences coming out on "Elementary Jesus" and "Standfast." And don't miss the weird outro on the latter, where pistol shots and high-pitched voices create an eerie, unsettling musical landscape.



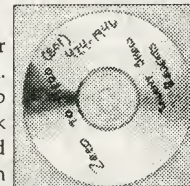
Low Profile, Get Over It

Is it... Hudson River Schools? No! It's Low Profile, but the two could easily be confused. Inside you'll find rich indie-pop laced with pop-punk angst on such light-hearted topics as breakups and get-togethers, although Low Profile does wax philosophical with some one-line zingers, as in "Face to Face," "Why is it everyone else seems set free and I am stuck waiting in some line?" There are some interesting production details, such as tracks #2 and #3 welding right into each other without a break—very *Fragile*-like, I must say. Overall, a great first effort for a band.



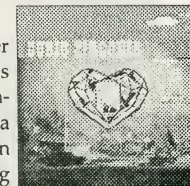
Zero to Hero, Talent Show Rejects

Before you file Zero to Hero away under just another pop-punk band, I want you to make it past the first track. Although you will find the expected "oh-oh-oh" back-up vocal chants on Track #2 and "nah-nah-nahs" on Track #3 (sorry, they didn't have a list of songs, just a naked demo with their name on it), you'll do a doubletake when you hear the beautiful piano intro on #2, not to mention the pretty, complicated web of guitarwork on #5. Zero to Hero does heart-breakingly earnest, slightly out-of-tune vocal lyricism in a Blink-182 way. On track #7, a guy complains that he's watched a girl go out with a jerk and now he wants to heal her broken heart: "I loved you from the start." Hmm, guys, what do you think? Would she really pick the nice guy to go out with? They never do with me. Stay tuned to Zero to Hero to find out the answer.



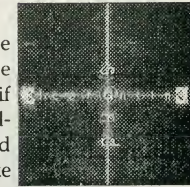
Cubic Zirconia, Auto Sleepwalker

Enter genius. This is one of the best albums I have ever heard come out of Utah ever. The band is Mike Kirkland's baby; he's the owner of SoundCo Records and former member of Prong, and you'd know that if you read SLUG on a regular basis. Cubic Zirconia floats back in forth between dreamy, Yo La Tengo sounds to Lou Reed rock, spending equal time in the patient wooing of both. The lyric and song titles immediately reminded me of Robert Pollard (famed Guided by Voices), minus the self-conscious, Mickey-Mouse feel you find in Wolf-Colonel-like copycats. Listen to these song titles: "Here Come the New Slow Bees," "A Special Kind of Psycho," "Brave Canary." Minimalist, stripped down yet sophisticated beyond belief, Cubic Zirconia is definitely one of the best local albums of all time.



Sand, Elephantine

Sand's strength is in their production, which, upon close inspection of the jacket, you'll find was recorded at Negative One Studios and mixed at Boho Digitalia. Nice to know, if you want a great-sounding CD. Sand mixes abrasive hardcore with surprisingly melodious rock in the choruses, and the effect is no less than—can I say it?—charming. It's like rubbing your skin raw with lava soap and then tenderly massaging in some soothing aloe vera lotion after the sting has worn off. "Fabric" sounds very Adema-like and "Libber" exudes sincerity, but it's #8 that takes the cake as far as I'm concerned, with its pretty, balladic overtones.





The Jazz June

The Boom, The Motion, and the Music

Initial Records

A reissue of this band's second disc, it is both compelling and enjoyable to listen to. It would be easy to write this band off as just another emo-band for all those shy sensitive little girls and boys out there. But, upon further listening, one realizes that these guys have something that most of those other emo bands don't have, talent and the ability to write beautiful songs. Kind of like the first time hearing The Promise Ring, or Elliot, or even Texas is the Reason, before all the shitty emo clones sprung up and ruined that genre. The Jazz June know how to write really rocking songs with ambient sensibilities forming the backbone of their

songs, making them a superior band for people who like good music that doesn't fit to well with any real scene.

—Kevlar7

The Mr. T Experience *The Miracle of Shame* Lookout Records

One would hope that a band named after the illustrious Mr. T of the A team would be able to come out with a decent album. Sadly, this is not the case. The *Miracle of Shame* is an annoying little five song EP that none of you should ever have to suffer through. The only song mildly entertaining on the *Miracle of Shame* would have to be Mr. Ramone's. The rest is crap. I pity the fool who buys this EP. Nuff said.

—Shane Farver

Good Riddance / Kill Your Idols *Split CD EP*

Jade Tree Records

Following up their creative idea of placing two bands with similar approaches to music, Jade Tree releases this killer split EP. Good Riddance releases four unavailable tracks, which are some of their most aggressive and best-written songs ever layed down. Kill Your Idols is one of my favorite new power-punk-hardcore groups, they are similar to The Exploited and they are incredibly talented. Their

three previously unreleased tracks showcased here are a perfect testimony to the powerful songwriting. Absolutely jaw dropping. Pissed off and furious, both Good Riddance and Kill Your Idols are the perfect bands to listen to when the mood strikes to shake one's fist at the unfairness of the world.

—Kevlar7

Green Pajamas

This Is Where We Disappear

Woronzow Records

On the British label founded by the Bevis Frond's Nick Salomon, these longevitous (b. 1984) countrymen create the same kind of stately, almost elegant psychedelia. Not that it's without its own mind-altering effects, but the overall sound is more precise and controlled than Grateful Dead-type stateside sloppiness. Lyrical material is even scholarly, coming from sources like the 18th century tale "The Monk" by Matthew Lewis and an 1885 painting, "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Spinning for the Poor." But the group just takes them as starting points to create evocative melodic tapestries. "The Moorland Ghost," "Matilda" and others show a proclivity for mystical songs about sorcerers, ghosts and other spectral beings. This selection compares favorably with "Ghosts of Love," their notable 1989 album re-

released last year by Get Hip. The listener can disappear into a musical odyssey that it's hard to extricate from, not that you'd want to.

—Stakerized!

Pardons

Pardon!

Acid Mothers Temple Records

Cotton Casino and Higashi Hiroshi branch off from Acid Mothers Temple to explore the world of analog space. While the full AMT is usually a much heavier exorcism of psychedelic demons past, Pardons isolate the basic space element with vintage synthesizers, employed for their otherworldliness. Whispering voice sounds like the ghost of some fetus chewing away at the cosmic womb. Produced by Kawabata Makoto and limited to 200.

—David Parish

Various Artists

Flying Sidekick : Home Alive *Compilation II*

Broken Rekids Records

To give the full low down on this disc, I'll quote the back panel of this disc and the cause it champions, "This album contains previously unreleased recordings. These artists have donated their royalties to Home Alive. Home Alive is a non-profit anti-violence organization that teaches self-defense to women and girls for free." Home Alive came to be after the violent

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death of The Gits lead singer after one of their shows. This compilation features some really good songs and some really bad songs. The highlights, which must be checked out for those who appreciate good music: The Gossip, Lesliwood, Zen Guerrilla, and The Black Halos. Support a good cause and expose yourself to great new music.

—Kevlar7

The Beltones *Cheap Trinkets* TKO Records

The Beltones are generally unheard of in these parts and that is a damn shame. This unique band from Florida has elements of rock-a-billy, roots rock, and good old fashioned punk in their musical style. Their sound is different, and different is good. If you're sick of the same old crap all the time, try some Beltones in your diet and pick up *Cheap Trinkets*.

—Shane Farver

Fugazi *Furniture EP* Dischord Records

For those who felt that Fugazi's latest full length was kind of mellow, this EP comes screeching out of the speakers. With these three songs of mathematic rock mayhem, Fugazi has written three of the best songs of their career. Two of the songs have some of the best lyrics ever penned by a band, while the one instrumental track is stunning. I recommend that those who are absolutely crazy about the last three discs by Fugazi to pick this EP up, it's only four dollars from Dischord. Or order it at any fine local store that caters for those who crave real music from independent songwriters.

—Kevlar7

Gary Wilson *You Think You Really Know Me* Motel Records

This is one of the strangest records ever to be released a quarter of a century after it was recorded. In 1977 Gary Wilson, then 24 years old, living in his parents' basement in Endicott, New York, recorded this set that's more than just an album, it's a whole fantasy world. "I've got a real crush on Karen," he confesses. "6.4=Make Out," he intones non-sequitously. He lives in a world where "Groovy Girls Make Love at the Beach." "Cindy is the missing link," he proclaims, as though she was not the connection to primate evolution but his slender grip on sanity. A hip groove almost like Steely Dan will start and then he'll veer off into some paranoid Residents-like experimental noise, only to come back again. Somehow appropriately, he was tracked down by the label last year in San Diego,

living with "the girl of his dreams," playing lounge piano in an Italian restaurant and working the graveyard shift at an adult bookstore. The crazy thing is, this kind of pop with period synths is the cool thing right now.

—Stakerized!

Cyclobe *The Visitors* Phantom Code/ World Serpent

Simon Norris and Stephen Thrower return following the success of their debut "Luminous Darkness." Their respective work in a couple of little outfits known as Death in June and Coil didn't hurt either. *The Visitors* is similar to those old travelogue albums presenting far away exotic locales to household stereos, only that this one deals with alien visitations, UFOs, and outer space. The subject is treated very seriously, and is portrayed electronically with some acoustic string preparations. If you've ever wanted to visit the mothership, this is your ticket, probe optional.

—David Parish

East Bay Chasers *Self-Titled* Industrial Strength Records

Davey Havok put it nicely by saying: "sounds like a punk rock Jane's Addiction". At first I was kind of put off by the fact that there is a former member of The Wallflowers in this arrangement, but it doesn't matter. This CD is a good listen and I do recommend it.

—Matt Bruce

Nerves *World of Gold* Thrill Jockey

After years of rebelling against straight-ahead rock music, indie rock is finally rediscovering it—not their roots since they really come from groups like Sonic Youth or Husker Du or the Replacements, but just finding more fertile ground to muck around in. Groups like the White Stripes, the Strokes and the Warlocks are playing music founded in very basic sixties-style rock. And Chicago's Nerves are following suit, and in less derivative-sounding (but what's originality in rock? the cool thing is to steal and get away with it) ways. Mikael Jorgenson of Royal Trux tenure adds keyboards to a stripped-down mix topped by Rob Datum's vocals with some Richard Hell whine and Mick Jagger drawl and swagger. This group doesn't really stand out, but when you listen to this kind of music you don't ask who it is... it's just RAWK.

—Kevlar7

Aphex Twin *Drukqs* Warp/Sire

Often-imitated and worshipped by masses, Richard D. James returns



with 2 discs of new material, also available in an oversized limited 4 x 12" edition. "Jynweythek" opens the set sounding like a theme for an ethereal David Lynch directed soap opera. James then jumps into "Vordhosbn" in more frenetic pace. Many have compared ambient AFX to a sort of Pink Floyd space moderne. It is in some of his faster tracks that I find my own personal Floyd reference, the channeling of "Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together in a Cave and Grooving with a Pict", one of the Brit psyche masters' most experimental cuts. James also ventures into the aforementioned ambient spaces on cuts like "Gwely Mernans". Perhaps the most surprising are the straight sounding piano pieces like "Avril 14th" and glockenspiel on "Ruglen Holon". James somehow programs the machines to get all gooey and touching on you. There's something for everyone on "Drukqs".

—David Parish

The Deviants *On Your Knees, Earthlings!!!* Total Energy

The British proto-psychedelic punk in the late 60's was the Deviants, the Limeys' answer to the MC5. Frontman Mick Farren managed to ride the wave of English hippiedom without integrating like Syd Barrett and others. Coinciding with the publication of Farren's autobiography, "Give the Anarchist a Cigarette," this collection spans recordings from 1967 through a reunion in 2001. Zappa's "Trouble Coming Every Day," the Stones' "Play With Fire" and Dylan's "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" get the treatment. "Lost Johnny" is a collaborative composition with Lemmy of Motorhead. Farren's own originals have pummeling rhythms and scorching guitar leads. Listening to his voice, you can hear where Johnny Rotten got his influence from. Guest appearances include Wayne Kramer, Chrissie Hynde, Mark Ramone and others.

—Stakerized!



DVD Reviews

The Hardcore Collection: the Films of Richard Kern Music Video Distributors/Third Wave Media

"To me, making these films was like taking a big, fat, smelly dump then standing back and watching people marvel over it." —Richard Kern

These films—many of which were rock videos for the likes of Sonic Youth ("Death Valley '69"), Marilyn Manson ("Lunchbox") and King Missile ("Detachable Penis")—were a deviation in name and deed from Kern's true passion and talent, photography. However, they stand as some of the most audacious and perversely beautiful films in existence.

The Hardcore Collection compiles thirteen films and videos from the period 1984-1993; among them the ultra-gory "Death Valley '69," the porn satire "The Bitches," the outrage-provoking "Fingered," the bondage montages "Submit to Me" and "Submit to Me Now," "The Sewing Circle" (in which Kimbra Phfaler has her love sewn up) and the collection of sicklove vignettes "The Manhattan Love Suicides."

Look for appearances by Henry Rollins, Nick Zedd, Lydia Lunch and Lung Leg as well as audible cameos by Foetus and the Butthole Surfers.

Most of these were previously available on VHS (with the exception of "The Manhattan Love Suicides," "The Evil Cameraman" and "Submit to Me") and the quality isn't much improved on DVD. *The Hardcore Collection* is, however, entirely worth picking up. Just don't eat while you view it...unless that's your freaky thang. www.richardkern.com

Christian Death Live: featuring Rozz Williams MusicVideo Distributors /Cleopatra Records

As concert films go, this is tepid. Only hardcore Christian Death fans are going to care for this; they and those who discovered the band after original lead vocalist Rozz Williams' death in 1998. To be fair, the performance is up to snuff—although Williams' ghoulish preening and prowling is as active as the band gets—but the quality of sound and picture is weak. A 66-shot stills gallery and two unreleased tracks by Williams' *Premature Ejaculation* project are a bonus, but not enough incentive to purchase.

—Randy Harward

DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com

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Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com. You can't blame us if you don't send it in!

Saturday, January 5

Ineffect- *Burt's*
Back Alley Blues Band- *Dead Goat*
The Numbs, The Stylus Troopers, 3rdi- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Myst of Dreams, Aerial- *Getty's*
Know 1-2 Blâme, Pelt, Twinge CD Release w/Fat Guy from 102.3 the Blaze- *Junction at Trolley Square*
Unlucky Boys- *Mo's*
Steven Wells Band, King Tree- *O'Shucks*
SL Showcase: V-Vast, Hello Amsterdam, Hudson River School, New Transit Direction- *Undergrounds*

Sunday, January 6

Highball Train- *Burt's Tiki*
Luster- *O'Shucks*
Ill Nino Listening party w/Dead Man's Hand, Torque- *Mo's*

Monday, January 7

Methinx- *Burt's*
Face First- *Kilby Court*
Agua Dulce- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Open Mic- *O'Shucks*
EC Scott & Smoke- *Dead Goat*
Aerosmith, the Cult, Cheap Trick- *Delta Center*

Tuesday, January 8

Bluesjam- *Burt's*
Dulce Sky, Elsewhere- *Liquid Joe's*
Lo Fi Breakdown, Foggy Memory Boys- *O'Shuck's*
Fat Tuesday, Dub 142, Baseline Shift Crew- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, January 9

One by One- *Mo's*
Uncle Dad feat. Poopy D- *Burt's*
Hoodooh- *O'Shucks*
Cross Canadian Ragweed- *Dead Goat*
Willie Waldman- *Harry O's (Park City)*
VellKro- *Liquid Joe's*
Tim Wray- *Mulligan's (Park City)*
Chimaira, Ill Nino, Kittie, No One- *X-Scape*
Dreadnought- *Zephyr*

Thursday, January 10

The A-Team (Aceyalone & Abstract Rude), The Numbs, The Stylus Troopers- *Lazy Moon*
Jackass Willey- *Dead Goat*
King Johnson, Merle Saunders- *Harry O's*
Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
Jonni Lightfoot CD Release- *Rose Wagner Theater*

Jesus Rides a Riksha- *Urban Lounge*

Friday, January 11

Black Dog- *Dead Goat*
Erosion, Red Bennies, Violet Run- *Urban Lounge*
The Given- *Liquid Joe's*
Slamdance Film Festival through Jan. 19
Sundance Film Festival through Jan. 19
Blue October- *O'Shucks*
Carlos Washington & Giant People- *Zephyr*

Saturday, January 12

Erosion- *Mo's*
Alchemy- *Burt's*
Sore Losers- *Todd's*
Mudpuddle- *Dead Goat*
Djate- *Hog Wallow*
Fleshies- *I Lounge (Park City / Lost Film Fest)*
Food Not Bombs Benefit Show- *Kilby Court*
The Given- *Liquid Joe's*
Blue October- *O'Shucks*
Nova Paradiso CD Release- *Zephyr*

Sunday, January 13

SXSW SLC Competition- *O'Shucks*
SXSW- *Burt's*
Chubby Bunny, Liza- *Todd's*
Djate- *Phat Tire Saloon*

Monday, January 14

James Armstrong- *Dead Goat*
Fast Catch RunAway, Fairlanes- *Kilby Court*

Tuesday, January 15

Zach Lee- *Liquid Joe's*
Sixshot, Gabrial- *Todd's*
Debi Graham, Optimus Prime- *Urban Lounge*
End on End, Life Pictures, This Computer Kills, Pieces of Eight- *Smithfield Youth Center*
Ringer, Going Nowhere Fast- *Kilby Court*
B-Side Players, Slightly Stoopid- *X-Scape*
Solomon Grundy- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, January 16

Red Tape- *Mo's*
ICBM- *Burt's*
Bellfuries- *Dead Goat*
G Love & Special Sauce- *Harry O's (Park City)*
Andi Camp- *Kilby Court*
Sum 41, Unwritten Law, GOB- *State Fairpark*

Thursday, January 17

Souls of Mischief, the Numbs- *Lazy Moon*
Cruisiliner Ventilators- *Dead Goat*
Limp Bizkit Guitarist Search-

Guitar Center

Maceo Parker- *Harry O's*
Gloria Record, Her Space Holiday, Ides of Space- *Kilby Court*
G Love & Special Sauce- *Liquid Joe's*
Lost Film Fest- *Union Ballroom, U of U*
Krista Gong & the Others- *Urban Lounge*
Vinyl- *Zephyr*

Friday, January 18

Fistful, Full-Time Kings- *Dead Goat*
Rockstar Fat Chance @ Sundance: DJ Mark Farina, Dieselboy, Empress, WishFM, Johnny Law- *Harry O's (Park City)*
Opposable Thumb, Steven Wells and the Suicide Kings- *Mo's*
Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
Old Dog New Tricks, Brenn Hill- *South Valley Universalist Church*
Jerry Joseph & Jackmormons- *Zephyr*

Saturday, January 19

Blue Hour- *Todd's*
Nova Paradiso- *Dead Goat*
Phillips, Grier & Flinner- *Gardner Hall, U of U*
Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
This Life, Malajusted- *Mo's*
Sunfall Festival, Hudson River School- *Thanksgiving Point*
Cartoon Criminals- *Urban Lounge*
Jerry Joseph & Jackmormons- *Zephyr*

Sunday, January 20

Corleones- *Burt's*
Rising Lion- *O'Shucks*
Monday, January 21
Carlos Washington & Giant People- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Craig Horton- *Dead Goat*
Milemarker, New Transit Direction, Pieces of Eight- *Kilby Court*
Danilo Perez- *Kingsbury Hall*

Tuesday, January 22

Closet Poets Slam- *Dead Goat*
Shutterbug, VellKro- *Liquid Joe's*
Lo Fi Breakdown- *O'Shuck's*
The Stove- *Urban Lounge*
Wednesday, January 23
Unsound Mind- *Mo's*
Rising Lion- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Bill Kirchen, Too Much Fun- *Dead Goat*
Disappointments, Chubby Bunny- *Kilby Court*
Shaking Tree, No Release- *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, January 24

Magstatic- *Burt's*
Robert Walter's 20th Congress- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Shawn Neves- *Dead Goat*

Panic In Detroit- *Kilby Court*
 Sleepytime Gorilla Museum,
 Red Bennies- *Urban Lounge*

Friday, January 25

Doublewide- *Burt's*
 Lisa Marie & CoDependents-
Dead Goat

Millhouse- *Hog Wallow*
 Red Planet, Sylvain Sylvain, The
 Downers- *Kilby Court*
 Flatline Syndicate-

Lazy Moon

Swank 5- *Liquid Joe's*

Blind Boys of Alabama- *Peery's*
Egyptian
 (Park City)

Robert Walter's 20th Congress-
Zephyr

Saturday, January 26

Lo-Fi Breakdown-
Dead Goat

LA Guns-Kamikaze (Ogden)

Robert Walter's 20th Congress-
Zephyr

Sunday, January 27

Dokken, LA Guns- *The Ritz*

Monday, January 28

James Solberg Band-
Dead Goat

Codeine 500, Skull Kid-
X-Scape

Tuesday, January 29

Lo Fi Breakdown- *OShuck's*
 White City, Black Ice-
Urban Lounge

Wednesday, January 30

Cave Catt Sammy- *Dead Goat*
 North Mississippi All Stars-
Harry O's (Park City)

Xiu Xiu- *Kilby Court*
 Hank Williams III-

Liquid Joe's

Samples, 13th Ave Band-
X-Scape

Thursday, January 31

Alchemy, Optimus Prime-
Burt's

Jetlag, Sick Shift-
Kilby Court

Elsewhere- *Dead Goat*

Sexy Food- *Urban Lounge*

Sunday, February 3

SLUG Magazine 13th
 Anniversary Party w/Endless

Struggle, Form of Rocket,
 Shimmy She Wobble, the Kill-

Free for all ages- *X-Scape*

Tuesday, February 5

Magstatic, Alchemy-
Urban Lounge

Pick up the new SLUG-
Anyplace Cool!



Dear SLUG,
 this month I...

- got my absinthe money back
- hoped Ruth would stop hitting cars
 - understood that Poopie D called me Jorge
 - wrecked the Go Go's
- wished I could sleep in a silent house,
 even just once
- wondered if Mike would make the Olympics
- sat in my room for a bit
- prepared myself, both emotionally and physically
 - ordered a plastic life
- fell in love with endless, mundane chatter
 all over again

Love,
 George

01/09

kittie

w/ chimaira, ill nino, no one

01/13

SXSW

w/ all artists TBA

01/15

slightly stoopid
 b-side players

w/ locals TBA

01/16

sum 41
 unwritten law

w/ gob, @ utah state fairgrounds

01/30

the
 samples

w/ 13th ave. band

02/03

SLUG
 magazine

13th anniversary party

tix available soon online and by phone

utahconcerts.com

for more info and up to date concerts

all shows at x-scape (unless noted)
 tix available at gray whale cd, the heavy
 metal shop, and cd warehouse in provo
 more info at utahconcerts.com or 801.539.8400
 x-scape is a private club for members

Kilby Court Calendar

No Rock Star Attitude...

JANUARY

- 03- RED TAPE
- 07- FACE FIRST
- 14- THE FAIRLANES

Fastcatch Runaway

- 15- RINGER
- GOING NOWHERE FAST
- 16- ANDI CAMP
- 17- GLORIA RECORD
- HER SPACE HOLIDAY
- Ides of Space
- 21- MILEMARKER

New Transit Direction

Pieces of Eight

- 23- THE DISAPPOINTMENTS
- Chubby Bunny
- 24- PANIC IN DETROIT
- 25- SYLVAIN SYLVAIN

(ex- BLONDIE & NEW YORK DOLLS)

RED PLANET & the Downers

- 30- XIU XIU
- 31- JETLAG
- SICK SHIFT



FEBRUARY

- 07- LONGWAVE
- 08- BLACKCAT MUSIC (Lookout Records)
- 12- ANN BERRETTA
- 16- EIFFEL
- 19- SAN PEDRO CIRCUS
- 20- DISMEMBERMENT PLAN
- 24- THE LETTER E (ex- June of 44)
- Gift Anon
- 26- THE ANNIVERSARY
- 28- INSTA

COMING SOON:

Orange Island... Bardo Pond... Pinback...
Hot Rod Circuit... Further Seems Forever...
Trail of Dead... Mates of State...
Of Montreal... Marshmallow Coast... etc.

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